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PENTHOUSE LETTERS



PENTHOUSE
VARIATIONS
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SPRING FEVER**



Cover Girl: May 2017 Penthouse Pet Of The Month, Charlotte Stokely

SPRING fever is a real thing—and if you find yourself feeling frisky and more than a little restless, you're not alone!

Judging by the mail we receive at *Penthouse Letters*, there's something about the season that makes people start thinking about the birds and the bees.

Researchers may chalk it up to longer days and extra doses of sunlight, but we think people stripping off their winter layers has a lot to do with rising temperatures—in more ways than one!

This edition of *Penthouse Letters* is packed with pulse-quickenning stories from those who've fearlessly answered the call of the wild-wicked wives, sexy sorority sisters, eager exhibitionists and more.

But sometimes it takes more than two to make a party, and this month we also have some hot takes on swinging, swapping and three-way fun.

Think your erotic adventure deserves to be in the pages of *Penthouse Letters*? Email us at letters@penthouse.com, and share your secrets!

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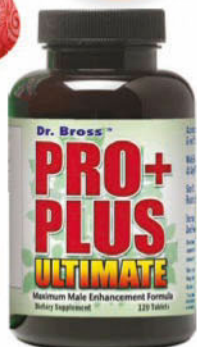
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LETTERS

↘ SUCK A WHAT?

❶ MAID TO ORDER

For about two years, I hung out with this woman named Susanna—a true free spirit. We'd gone to swinger clubs, nudie resorts and even a seven-day Caribbean cruise where we'd enjoyed a smorgasbord of sex that was as bountiful as the feasts at the ship's buffet tables.

But then we went our separate ways. Suddenly, I was a single man who still wanted to live "the lifestyle"—not an enviable position. I went stag to the few parties that admitted single guys, but they were few and far between. I stayed in touch with a few people I knew from the local swing club. But after a few months, I pretty much gave up on the whole thing.

Then, several weeks ago, I heard from this guy Drew. I'd known him and his partner, Shana, from the club. They were still active in the scene, but sometimes they played separately. Shana is more "vanilla" than Drew, who tends to be a bit kinky.

"Jeff, my man, what's been goin' down?" (Yes, he actually talks like that.)

"Nobody's been going down on me, I'm afraid."

He laughed. "Oh, I think things are lookin' up for ya."

Turns out Drew and Shana had gotten to know this young woman named Deena at the club. She was sweet, petite, and pleasantly chubby, he said. "Just a tad over five feet tall, and a tad over 20. Part Swiss and part Japanese, but an all-American gal. She's cute as a cartoon mouse."

"Sounds adorable," I said. "How's she getting along with Shana?"

"Fine, fine. But you know Shana. She's not totally bi. She can take pussy or leave it."

"That's too bad."

Drew chuckled. "Works for me," he said. "But here's the skinny. The mouse needs a little extra cheese."

"Aren't you plenty cheesy, Drew?"

He ignored that quip. "She wants

to nibble on something a little more substantial than my little five-and-a-half-inch prong. Girl's all about the monster meat. That's where you come in, Big Jeff."

Drew planned to gather a few guys for Deena that were especially well endowed. And, yes, I fit the bill. I may not be the youngest, best built or most handsome dude in the room, but my thick, eight-inch appendage with its big mushroom-shaped head has always been a hit at orgies and gang bangs.

"Name the time and place," I said.

**"HIS COCK WAS
SUCH A
BEHEMOTH THAT
ONLY A SMALL
PART WOULD FIT
IN HER MOUTH."**

Two weeks later I knocked on the door of a motel room on the outskirts of town. These weren't posh accommodations, but they were suitable for a more-or-less impromptu blow bang.

When I arrived, Deena hadn't yet taken the stage. She was in the bathroom getting spruced up for the encounter to come. But Wayne, this other guy I knew from the swing club, was there. Like me, Wayne is known for being amply hung. Susanna and I had never actually played with him and his wife, though we'd talked with them occasionally. He was a short, 30-something guy with a gymnast's body. *Hmm, I thought. Guess I'll finally see what the competition dick looks like.* He and I sat on one of the two beds in the room and shot the shit, waiting for the festivities to begin.

Drew's cell phone rang. "That'll be

Finley," he said before giving the room number to the caller. Moments later, the new arrival entered the room. He was a tall, burly fellow in his 40s—probably six-foot-three. After introductions were made, he sat in the armchair near the mini-fridge.

"Let me peek in on the chickadee," Drew said, heading back to the bathroom. Wayne, Finley and I made more small talk. Minutes later, the lights dimmed, and Drew led Deena out to meet us.

She was petite, all right. Very cute. Of all things, she wore this French maid's outfit that likely came from an adult bookstore. Her plump natural breasts were squeezed into a corseted black top. Her lacy miniskirt barely covered her beckoning ass cheeks. And her fishnet stockings showcased her smooth, shapely legs. Her reddish hair was styled in a pixie cut, and she wore a lacy maid's cap. The only thing missing was the feather duster.

"*Mon Dieu*, zere are so many of you!" she said, pretending to be both alarmed and French. I felt my dick chubbing up.

Drew turned on some sexy music—some old Madonna song. "Dance for the boys, *mon pêche*," he said. "She flounced about for several minutes, shaking her young booty. She came around to each of us, touching our arms and faces as she wriggled.

"You gents wanna see how little Deena sucks cock?" asked Drew.

"Cocksucking? I'm scandalized!" said Wayne. He was the comedian in the group.

Drew lifted up Deena's skirt and ground his crotch against her ass. She moaned a cute little moan. Then she faced him, fell to her knees, unbuckled his belt, unzipped his pants and yanked them down, along with his briefs. His dick—small though it was—was absolutely stiff. She lapped at it with her eager tongue. Drew soon grabbed her by the head, thrusting his penis into her mouth, as deeply as he could go with it. Eventually he backed away, withdrawing his stiff little pecker from her mouth. It was wet with her saliva.

"What do you think, guys?" he said.
"Think you can give her what she needs?"

We grunted in the affirmative. All three of us were rubbing our boners through our jeans, our thoughts on her juicy mouth.

"Hmm, I think our chambermaid is entirely overdressed," said Drew. "Wayne? Jeff? Can you help the mademoiselle out of her uniform?"

Wayne and I tumbled from the bed, joining Deena on the floor. We quickly stripped her down to her silken panties and her fishnet stockings. Her bare breasts were small but delicious-looking. I sprawled beside her on the carpeted floor. One hand fondled her tits; the other reached back to grab her plush ass. My fingers skated across the slick fabric of her panties, grazed along her butt hole and inched toward her vagina.

"Jeff, I know that pussy's tempting," Drew chastened. "But let's not forget why we're here. Tonight's about you guys testing the tensile strength of her tonsils. Sit on the bed, gentlemen. Show our little lady what she's working with here."

Wayne and I stood, dropped our drawers, sat on the edge of the bed and began tugging on our cocks. Everyone seemed to have forgotten about Finley, over by himself in the armchair. But now we noticed. The big guy was still sitting there, only now he was naked. Christ, he had a huge schlong! Ten inches would be my guess. It stretched up beyond his navel, leaving a dollop of pre-come to clot in his belly hair.

"Shit!" said Wayne. "I thought I was hung, but that thing makes mine look like a french fry."

Finley came over and joined us on the edge of the bed. Seeing us all there with our jutting boners appeared to have disoriented Deena.

"All zat equipment makes me dizzy," she said. "What have I got myself into? *Zut alors!*"

"I'm afraid it's we that are getting into you," I said.

She laughed. "*Mais oui!*"



LETTERS

▷ SUCK A WHAT?

She started with Wayne. Her mouth slobbered over the long underside of his circumcised prick before she started sucking in earnest. It was impressive how much she could take in her mouth and throat. Wayne groaned and grunted. He was way too loud—but nobody had told him the walls were thin or anything. He was just too turned on to give a shit.

Then my dick had its turn. Deena seemed especially fond of taunting my gaping piss slit. She let her lively little tongue tease it, summoning drops of pre-come.

"Yeah," I said. "Dig for my load, Deena. It's in there, waiting for you." My words made her hotter. She tried to deep-throat me, but my prick was a bit longer than Wayne's. Also, my flared cockhead became an obstacle at the back of her throat. Still, she did her best. It felt fucking amazing.

Finally, she turned her attention to Finley. And there she stumbled. His cock was such a behemoth that only a small part would fit in her mouth. She changed strategy and began licking and kissing its length. She also lavished her attentions on his ball sac. She fondled his nuts

as she tried once more—valiantly but unsuccessfully—to properly suck him.

For the next 15 minutes, Deena took turns on us, again and again. Drew, naked in the armchair, masturbated as he watched her go to town on us.

As the lust intensified, the suckees got off the bed, gathering close around the kneeling sucker. Our penises competed for their share of her attention. Finley's whopper was leaking a lot of pre-jizz. It streamed down the side of her face.

"You guys look like you're ready to blow," Drew observed. None of us corrected him.

"Shoot your loads at my mouth, *s'il vous plait*," Deena urged.

The three of us stroked faster. Deena was massaging her clit through her panties. Then a buzzing noise sounded. It was Drew, hard-on and all, coming over to pleasure Deena with a scary-big vibrator. She began gasping and yelping as the machine roared against her crotch.

While the vibrator buzzed like a chainsaw, we began shooting our wads, one after the other. Wayne, practically shouting, released a load on Deena's lips and chin. It rained down onto her tits. I let my rigid pecker hover near her lips as

I neared blast-off. I thrust forward so she could wrap her lips over my head. At that very moment I shot my load in her mouth, the vibrator brought her to a shuddering orgasm. Her movements, however, threw off Finley's marksmanship. When he came, he overshot. His jizz arced up—some landing in her hair, the rest on the carpeted floor.

We three guys fell back on the bed. Then Drew grabbed Deena by the hips, tearing off her panties in order to fuck her doggie-style while the rest of us watched the show. Soon he gasped, groaned, pulled out, tore off his condom, and shot an enormous load across her back and buttocks. Drew may have had the smallest dick, but he handily won the trophy for "Most Copious Money Shot." He thwacked his spent dick on her ass cheeks. The last drops flew into the lake of semen at the small of her back.

"Little Napoleon hasn't met his Waterloo yet!" he joked. Then he grabbed a towel and wiped the man-slime from our intrepid French maid.

That marked the end of a hot evening. But this group has had two similar encounters since then.

And Deena has agreed to be my companion at a swinger party later this month.

Looks like I'm back in business!

—J.D., via email

◉ SPRING FORWARD

I pointed to the hot blond guy I'd been eyeing in the club for half an hour and said to my friend Felicia, "I'll bet you 20 bucks I can have that dude's cock in my mouth in five minutes."

She was scandalized by my comment. "Jeez, Fay, I know you're not happy about breaking up with Tony, but—"

Felicia was right, I sure as fuck wasn't happy. I'd caught my boyfriend getting a blowjob at a party in a hall closet,



of all places. I was mortified. He tried “explaining,” saying the woman had just come up to him and offered. He couldn’t say no. That was his excuse. What an asshole.

It had happened in a house off-campus just before spring break. Now I was at the beach with my friends, pissed off, drinking too much and eager to do something stupid.

I slapped a 20 angrily on the table, almost upsetting our tropical drinks.

“I’m saying that shithead Tony was right!” I said. “No guy’ll turn down a blowjob. Five minutes!”

With that I spun away, feeling the drinks I’d had. I marched over to the blond guy, who was standing alone. I’d never tried anything quite like this before. Under other circumstances I was actually sort of shy.

“Hi,” I said. Not the boldest opening, I admit.

“Hi,” He smiled.

“Do you...” I trailed off.

“Do I...?” he prompted me.

I brought up a mental picture of Tony, which reignited my anger. I stiffened my backbone, and said, “Do you want a blowjob?”

Once the words were out, I felt as embarrassed as I’d been at that party with Tony. But I stuck to my guns and didn’t flinch.

The hot blond’s smile had frozen.

Finally, he said, “That’s some kind of trick question, right?”

“I mean it. Let’s step out onto the beach. Hell, I’ll do you in this corner. I—”

“No,” he said.

“What?!” Whatever else I might’ve been expecting, a flat “no” wasn’t it. “What the hell do you mean?”

“Just that. No. You’re a very attractive woman. In fact, I’ve been wanting to go over and talk to you. But now I see you’re a little drunk.”

“But I bet 20 bucks!” I heard myself yelp.

He slipped a 20 out of his pocket and pressed it into my hand. He wasn’t



“A DROP OF PRE-COME OOOZED FROM HIM, AND THE TASTE SET OFF THRILLS IN ME.”

acting like a jerk. Really, he was being an unbelievable gentleman about the whole thing. “No bad feelings about this, okay?” With that he stepped past me.

I looked back at the table. Felicia had split, too, probably unable to watch me make a fool out of myself.

After that, I did the smart thing: I went to the hotel, alone, and slept till noon the next day.

A little dazed that afternoon, I went down the beach in my swimsuit. The sun felt good. I remembered the previous night and cringed. I went and swam in the emerald water awhile, expending all the nervous energy I’d built up. By the time I came back onto the sand, I was laughing at myself.

“Hi again,” someone said.

I pushed wet hair out of my eyes, and there was the blond guy, his toned golden body on display in his swim trunks. Water glistened on him as I

studied him a moment too long.

“Hi,” I said, shyly this time. “I owe you a serious apology.”

“You don’t. My name’s Jack. You were swimming circles around me out there.”

“I’m Fay,” I told him. “You feel like walking on the beach?” Somehow the question felt even bolder than what I’d asked him the night before—but in a good way.

He grinned, and we walked along the bright sand. I liked how smoothly his limbs moved, the pull of his muscles. We talked. He was on spring break, too, from a different university.

We opened up to each other more. After a bit, I even told him about Tony. It sounded so ludicrous now, I laughed again. He joined me. We’d walked far down the beach, away from the hotels. We came to a secluded cove.

I stopped and let the incoming waves foam over my toes. Jack was shaking his head. “If you don’t mind my saying,” he said, “your ex-boyfriend is an idiot.”

I grinned. “I don’t mind you saying it at all.” I paused and looked into his eyes. “Come here,” I beckoned to him in a whisper.

He stepped up to me, and I slid my arms around him. His body was firm and warm. I knew how lucky I was that he’d been so decent last night. I put my mouth softly against his. The kiss was slow, luxuriant. His lips moved gently on mine.

Jack was getting a hard-on. He tried to keep it from pressing against me—still being a gentleman!—but I grabbed his

LETTERS

▷ SUCK A WHAT?

hips and pulled his meat against my belly. My pussy was flowing, and my swim top chafed my stiffened nipples.

I deepened the kiss, putting my tongue in his mouth. He responded, frenching me back. Our faces ground together as excitement zapped through me.

When I broke the kiss, he panted, "You wanna come to my hotel room?"

I slid the suit top off my shoulders, baring my tits.

"What's wrong with here?"

There was nobody around. Jack's eyes darted all around, confirming for himself that we were alone. Then he focused his gaze on me as I peeled the swimsuit off my body. The onshore breeze prickled my skin nicely.

"Your turn," I told him.

He hesitated a second, then dropped his trunks. His cock stood at attention, veiny and as stiff as mahogany. I felt a tickle in my throat, and my mouth began to water. I knew exactly what I wanted to do with this beautiful man.

I went to my knees before him. The surf splashed up around my naked thighs. His enticing length was at eye-level, and his

cock twitched in anticipation.

I reached up and held his balls in my palm. I felt the stirring heat in them, and thought of the creamy reward that waited for me. Whatever else we did, I was going to suck this man off and swallow his come. Though he'd totally let me off the hook the night before, I wanted to follow through, after all.

Circling my thumb and finger around the base of his shaft, I pointed his cockhead toward me. I put out my tongue and swirled the thick, ruddy crown. A tiny

**"I SUCKED JACK
DOWN TO HIS
BASE, TAKING
EVERY INCH
AND HOLDING
HIM THERE."**

drop of pre-come oozed from him, and the taste set off electric thrills in me.

I polished his knob with my tongue to a high gloss as he shivered. I looked up and saw his handsome face twisted with pleasure.

"I'm going to suck you until you come," I told him.

He nodded in agreement. No arguments this time.

With relish, I closed my lips around the head of his cock. The texture of his skin was so smooth, and I could taste sea salt on his flesh. I continued to caress him with my tongue as I moved the ring of my mouth farther down his shaft.

I explored the individual veins bulging from his shaft. I felt the pulse of him. My mouth distended, and my cheeks flattened in around him as I dropped lower and lower. Finally, his thick crown touched the back of my throat. With a silent lunge, I moved past my gag reflex. He trickled more pre-come into me. I swallowed, tightening my throat muscles around him.

Jack moaned and planted his feet deeper in the sand. Water continued to spatter my bare body. My nipples were hard tight points, tingling with joy. The waves brushed my pussy, and I felt as wet as the ocean.

I sucked Jack down to his base, taking every inch and holding him there for a moment. I savored his flavor, his size. This was, I knew, so much better than it would've been had he let me drunkenly blow him the night before.

I started with a slow, firm rhythm. I kept my lips sealed around him and just bobbed up and down. One hand stayed on his balls, gently fondling them. I brought my other hand to my pussy, brushing two fingers along my slit before sliding them inside myself. It was almost a bonus pleasure. I was already feeling a serious excitement sucking on that sweet cock.

Jack's hands tentatively touched my head. I felt his fingertips on my damp hair. I wanted him to feel free to grab my



hair and fuck my face if he liked. I began blowing him harder. As I rode my mouth on him, I started twisting my head, giving him a varying angle with every plunge.

He groaned louder. Above, seagulls cried. I worked my two fingers harder in my slot as pleasure built. Gooseflesh rose all over my body as I sucked Jack with gusto. Spit ran out of the corner of my mouth. I felt it dangle from my chin, but I didn't break my fast tempo.

My tongue was working his shaft crazily. I felt a strain in my jaw, but nothing was going to stop me. At last he wound his fingers into my hair. He took a grip, and I let out a growl that must have set his nutsac humming.

He started to hump against my mouth. I showed him I could take anything he gave me. I deep-throated him repeatedly as his legs quivered under him. I was relentless, and he began to seriously fuck my mouth. My forehead butted his hard, flat stomach as his cockhead met my tonsils again and again. I kept fingering myself, driving those digits deep up into my pussy.

He had two firm fistfuls of my hair and was plowing my mouth. He grunted with every thrust. When guttural words started slipping out, like "fuck" and "suck," a new tremor of excitement overtook me. I loved having guys talk dirty. The trick was that it had to be someone who wasn't an asshole.

Jack wasn't. So when he said clearly, "Yeah, suck my cock!" I looked up at him without breaking contact and gave him an encouraging wink.

After that he let loose with a wonderfully obscene barrage. Every pornographic word increased my pleasure. Suddenly, my pussy went tight around my intruding fingers as orgasmic bliss rushed through me.

Maybe he sensed it and had been holding back. Maybe our timing was just as perfect as it could be for spring break lovers. Whatever, at the peak of my climax Jack unloaded into my waiting mouth.

His spunk was thick and warm, and his



salty juice poured down my throat. I didn't miss a drop of it, swallowing every bit. He was so delicious.

If you'd asked me right then how I felt about my ex-boyfriend, I would've said, "Tony who?"

—F.C., Miami, Florida

EXCLUSIVE

Speaking is not usually part of my job—much less public speaking with news cameras pointed at me from every possible angle. But that afternoon, I was tapped to deliver a brief press conference discussing something I honestly can't even remember the specifics of now, because my memory is basically consumed by what happened before the talk—and after.

It was a beautiful day with minimal humidity for a change, odd for that time of year in New Orleans. I was alone in a hotel suite, looking down at the bustling courtyard below that stretched between the Spanish colonial-inspired buildings—Spanish buildings even though they call it the French Quarter. I could see various people checking the sound system and the seating. I glanced at my notes for the hundredth time, wishing I could just get the talk over with, and wondering how I'd gotten myself into it. And that's when I heard a knock at the door.

"Hold on." I tossed my notes on the bed and headed to the door.

But when I opened it, my stomach just about leapt into my throat.

No, it wasn't my boss—it was Elisa, this journalist who had interviewed me several times already that year. Even though there seemed to be a mutual spark, we always kept things professional. We had also always been dating other people, so I never dared get involved in a sexual relationship with her—but I always wondered what it would be like if I did. My last girlfriend, a bottle redhead, proved more trouble than the sex was worth—and if I'm honest, the sex sucked, too. So I was finally single and unbelievably horny. And then—*bam!*—there she was!

I hadn't seen Elisa for almost a month in the regular press pools, and her absence had started to make me wonder: Was she single? What did she want? Did I have a shot?

All those questions jumped me at once as she hit me with her piercing dark blue eyes and that most electrifying smile.

"Hey!" I smiled back and motioned her inside.

Elisa made a show of flashing her ID badge, which was clipped to her dress, right above her incredible breasts. "See, my press pass really does get me in anywhere," she quipped.

I think I laughed. I remember trying not to look at her breasts too much, but that navy blue dress of hers had the most enticing V-neckline, and the tight-fitting fabric hugged each and every womanly curve.

"It's great to see you. What brings you here?"

"I came to see how you were and wish you luck on the big presser." She glanced over at the pile of notes on the bed. "All set?" she asked, sounding hopeful.

LETTERS

▷ SUCK A WHAT?

"I think so, but you know, just obsessing over every detail."

"Well, you've never been on camera before, have you?"

I shook my head. "No, not like this."

"Are you nervous?"

"Would you make fun of me if I said yes?"

Elisa laughed, "No, if anything, I have empathy for anyone on the other side of my colleagues' reporting."

"I'll take that. Can I get you a drink?"

Elisa shook her head, "I'm okay..."

But then she got a mischievous look on her face. "Though I sure wouldn't mind an exclusive."

I laughed and rolled my eyes, "Come on, it's nothing that earth-shattering."

At that point she reached out and tugged my necktie. "Yes, but I wasn't talking about business."

Before I could say anything, she smiled and walked past me, over to the window that overlooked the courtyard. I followed, not completely sure of her intentions, but already feeling my cock springing to attention while watching her ass sway as she teetered in her high heels.

"It's a nice view," I blurted out like a dork. I felt my face turn red.

"Shhh..." Elisa turned and began playing with my tie again. "I think I have the perfect solution to calm those nerves."

She leaned in, and thank goodness my instincts took over. We started making out, and I pushed her back, pressing her fine ass against the window. I cupped and squeezed every curve I could get my hands on.

She ground her pelvis against my stiff cock, and I felt my way up her thigh, lifting her dress. Finally, I felt lace and then wetness as my fingers worked their way into her panties, feeling every bit of her pussy I could reach.

Elisa tilted her head back and moaned as I teased her clit and slid my fingers inside her. I hadn't felt a pussy that tight since college.

"Mmm, wait..." She kissed my neck and teased my earlobe.

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing, but this isn't about me right now. This is your day in the spotlight." Elisa pulled back and unzipped the side of her dress, wiggling out of it. And as I

stood there, holding my breath, she took off her black lace bra and tossed it aside. And then, wearing nothing but her panties and heels, she came for me and pushed me backward onto the bed. She looked me dead in the eye as she unfastened my belt, lowered my zipper and took my cock in her warm, soft hands.

I thought I was going to hit the ceiling. Her touch was silky and soft, teasing and caressing the sides of my shaft.

"Just relax," she whispered, before kicking off her heels and getting on her knees.

As I felt the warmth of her mouth on my cockhead, my mouth went dry. I groaned while her tongue teased me, and I muttered, "Oh fuck."

She pulled away for a moment to murmur, "Mmm, this is what you need."

Then she gave me a wicked smile and wrapped her pillowy lips around my meat.

"Oh yeah, suck me," I whispered.

Keeping one hand on my shaft, she did exactly that, but she stopped short of deep-throating me—because, as I would discover, Elisa was a master cocktease. After sucking and teasing my head, I felt her other hand on my inner thigh, and her tongue migrated to the underside of my shaft.

She started to lick my dick with broad, slow strokes, stopping right before reaching my balls, only to do it again and again.

Just as I was settling into that technique, her sweet tongue darted down to my scrotum. As she kept one hand working my shaft, she took each ball into her mouth in turn and made me groan.

I caressed her face and pulled her beautiful blonde hair back so I could watch her better—and what a view it was!

After she teased my balls, she took my entire shaft into her mouth. I watched as she devoured me hungrily, taking me deep into her throat. Basically, it was an out-of-body experience as I began slowly and rhythmically fucking her face. I felt the sweat pooling under my arms as I tried to





stay in control. Elisa knew how to keep me on the edge. When I thought I was going to shoot my load, she would back off and yank me back from the brink. But while she swallowed my cock, she kept a free hand on my balls, tormenting them and even teasing the sensitive spot right behind them.

It was heaven on earth. No woman had ever taken me anywhere like this—and I never wanted to leave. But finally, after many moments of most impressive gag-reflex control, Elisa pulled back and took a breath, but not before lavishing, wet sloppy kisses all over the head of my dick. Then she spit in her hands, lubing me up even more as she tugged on my rod.

I was close, and she knew it. Elisa reared up and squished my wet cock between her tits, looking delighted by the effects of her work.

I let go of her hair, gently caressing her face again.

"Holy shit."

"I get that a lot," she joked as she hugged my shaft with her pendulous tits. It was the most incredible cycle of pressure and release.

I gasped, "You have to let me fuck you before I come."

"Only if you promise to give me that exclusive," she teased. The soft scratch of her fingernail on my inner thigh sent chills up my spine.

"I'll give you one in your mouth."

"Well, that's exactly what I was hoping for," said my sassy sex machine.

"ELISA SWALLOWED AND SUCKED ME RELENTLESSLY. SHE MILKED ME DRY."

I helped her stand up, and she slipped off her panties. I caught a glimpse of well-groomed muff that confirmed Elisa was a natural blonde. After savoring her tiny nipples for a moment, I brought her to the window and pressed her tits against the cold glass. We faced the courtyard as I entered her from behind. I squeezed and spread her round butt cheeks, enjoying the view of my cock skewering her pussy.

"Oh fuck me!" She braced herself against the glass, moaning in delight.

I kissed her shoulder and nibbled on her neck as I buried my cock in her tight snatch. The smell of her perfume mingling with my sweat and our sex scents added to the rush. I reached around her and started to rub her clit, making her whimper.

If anyone down in the courtyard had binoculars or had happened to look up, they would have gotten quite the show from me—who's usually a low-key

publicity guy! But that day was different.

We eventually moved to the bed where she rode me, clenching my cock with her toned pussy muscles.

But once again, Elisa kept me on the edge. She dismounted without warning and licked up all of her pussy juices coating my dick. And it was then she hit my cock and balls with a blitz of wet tongue-kisses. She kept a hand gripped around my shaft, slowly stroking me as her mouth worked—as if that would keep my cream at bay.

When her lips enveloped the head of my dick once again, I couldn't take anymore. I exploded in her mouth, and Elisa swallowed and sucked me relentlessly. She milked me dry.

Finally empty, I exhaled. I remember thanking her. I remember she kissed my cheek and left. And I remember later looking into the crowd and seeing her there as I spoke at the podium. And like I said before, I don't remember the speech itself at this point, but I do remember "filling her in" all over again, with another exclusive that night.

—C.K., via email

Ever experienced an incredible Thanksgiving-turkey mouth—the kind that cries out for stuffing? Tell us all about it. Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department SAW, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.



WELCOME WAGON

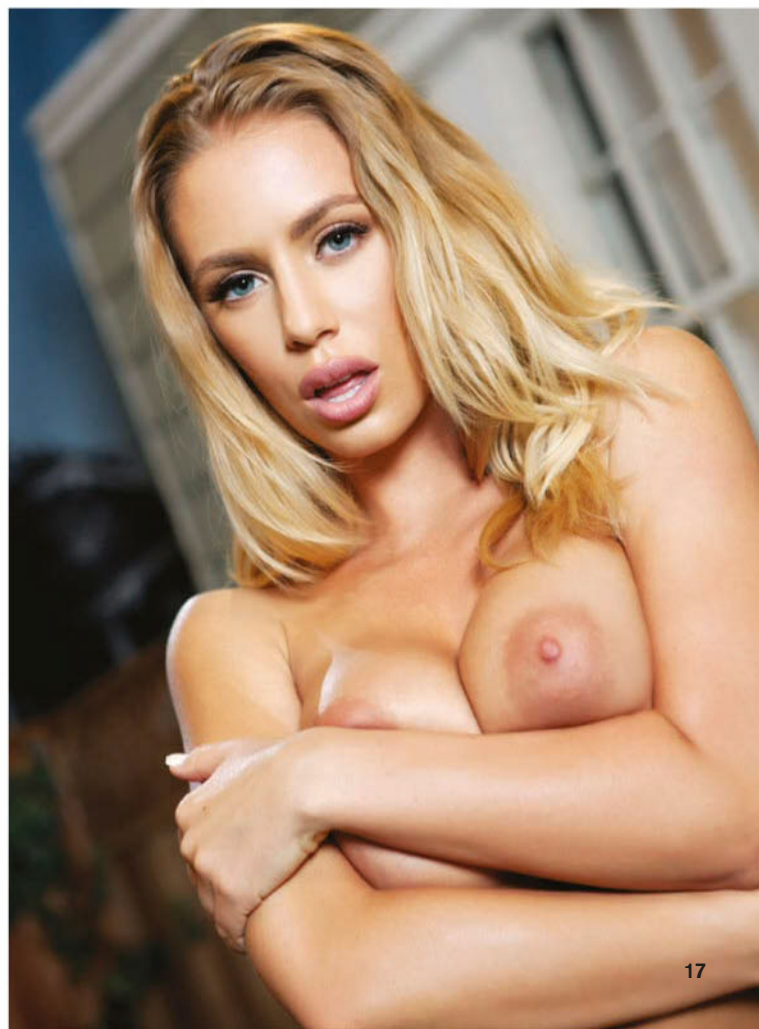
NICOLE GREETES HER HUNKY NEW NEIGHBOR
WITH OPEN ARMS—AND LEGS!

















“I’M ALWAYS WILLING TO LEND
A LITTLE SUGAR!”

—NICOLE





LETTERS

WIVES GONE WILD

SCHOOLED

My hubby is in the National Guard, so every month he spends a weekend with his unit. I'm very proud of him serving our country, but we have a very active sex life and spending weekends alone without cock is just not something I'm willing to do. With his blessing, I go on weekend trips to have flings so I don't have to deprive myself when he's off training.

Last spring, when the university kids were doing their thing, I decided I'd head to a sunny destination and lasso myself a college boy. I'd just turned 35, but you wouldn't know it. I keep my body in great shape, and I've been blessed with an above average pair of boobs. When I put on an itsy-bitsy bikini, all I have to do is stand still and the boys usually come running.

This year, I headed down to Cabo San Lucas, where some friends lent me their timeshare. I hit the beach first thing to scope out the action, and there was plenty. The boys all stared, but no one approached me. That

happens occasionally; some guys can be intimidated by a hot chick. That was okay, though, as I wasn't quite ready and wanted to work on my tan first.

That night I hit one of the bars, and liquor made the boys braver. Finding a college guy to fuck on spring break is like shooting a fish in a barrel. I had my pick.

Eventually, my gaze fell upon one particular young man. He wasn't beefcake, but more of the stereotypical academic type. He was tall, thin and lanky, which I've found usually translates to having a big cock. He was standing by the jukebox, looking through the selections and holding a beer, looking like he didn't have a care in the world.

I sauntered over to him and suggested, "Play me a song."

He looked up, startled. "Um, okay, sure. What would you like to hear?"

I may have shown my age by picking Nickelback. He popped in a few quarters, and music began to play.

I introduced myself.

"Hi, Elsie. I'm Ezra," he said, shaking my hand. He was so cute, with his glasses and his overgrown haircut.

We chatted a bit. He told me he came down with some friends but wasn't much of a partier. He had a girlfriend back home, so he wasn't trying to get laid, he explained.

"That's funny," I said. "I have a husband at home, but I *am* trying to get laid. You want to come back to my place?"

Ezra's eyes got wide for a second. I imagined he was making a judgment on whether he should pass up the chance of a lifetime. He decided to go for it.

We got in a cab, and as we sat in the backseat, I rubbed his cock through his pants. He seemed embarrassed by my aggressiveness, and I laughed out loud. By the time we'd gotten out of the taxi, he'd pitched a tent in his cargo pants. Nobody cared, though, except for me; it was a pretty big tent.

When we got inside, I suggested a shower. I told him to take off his clothes, and I watched him while sitting on the bed. His face was red as he stripped down. His body was as white as a sheet, but for a skinny guy he had decent muscle tone. He took down his underwear and revealed a nice, long cock that let me know I'd be in for a good time.

When he was naked, it was my turn to strip. I skinned out of my clothes, and Ezra couldn't take his eyes off my tits. They are my best feature, after all, and he was rightly transfixed. I walked up to him and pressed my nipples against his chest. I reached down and grabbed his cock, giving it a few tugs. Then we headed into the shower.

We got under the warm spray, and I soaped up his dick and basically drove him out of his mind. I didn't want him to come yet, so I backed off and told him to scrub me down. He ran his soapy hands all over my boobs, and then worked his way down my stomach and touched my pussy. I gave him the go-ahead, and he rubbed his fingers along my snatch, grazing my clit and making me moan.

We dried each other off and headed



to bed. I had to have that cock. I put him on his back and took his erect shaft between my lips. I caressed his balls while I sucked him, and he groaned helplessly. Since he was such a young guy, I figured he had a few good loads in him, so I picked up the tempo. I orally worshiped his dick until he squirted a massive load down my throat. I swallowed it all without losing a single drop.

I rolled over onto my back and spread my legs. Ezra didn't need any prompting. Grinning like a kid in a candy store, he zeroed in on my cunt, which was ready for action. He wasn't exactly subtle, skipping my belly and thighs and heading straight for my snatch. I didn't mind; his tongue was very skilled. He ran it up and down my slit and knew enough not to put too much pressure on my clit. He had a gentle touch and gave my button glancing licks. He made my arousal soar higher without being too clumsy or rough, like some guys his age have been in the past.

In no time I was ready to come, and when I did, he held my hips tight and kept lapping at me while I came all over his handsome face.

The two of us relaxed in a stupor for a while before kicking off round two. I was running my fingers along his chest, when he decided to straddle my chest. My shy boy had gotten bold, placing his dick between my hefty tits.

I pushed my babies together so he could give me a nice titty-fuck. His cock was so long he almost hit me in the chin as he thrust between my melons. I was afraid he was going to come again, so I grabbed his cock and said, in no uncertain terms, "Fuck me—now!"

He was a good boy and obeyed me. I spread my legs wide, and he climbed atop me, slipping his cock inside my wet cunt without hesitation. His dick fit nicely inside me, and he started with slow strokes, building speed with each successive thrust. Before long, he was



“HE WAS IN MY ASS TO THE ROOT, AND MY MIND FLOATED ON A CLOUD OF BLISS.”

banging me hard, exactly the way I like to be plowed.

I sensed him getting ready to come, but I didn't want that yet. I ordered him on his back and rode him cowgirl, with my big tits hanging in his face. Like he was playing some kind of dirty carnival game, he tried to get a nipple in his mouth as my tits jiggled and swayed in front of his face.

I knew the poor kid couldn't hold out much longer, but I wanted him to do

me doggy-style. Ezra agreed to that, and in seconds, he was mounting me from behind and pounding me good. His boldness continued as he grabbed my hair and smacked my ass while he drilled me from behind. I was in la-la land; it felt so good. He cried out and came inside me, and I felt him fill me up with jet after jet of hot goo.

At first, I didn't know if Ezra had another hard-on in him, but I've learned to never underestimate college-age men. He sucked on my tits for a little while, and his cock grew firm once again. I sucked on him some more to get him fully hard. I rolled over on my stomach, put a pillow underneath my hips and asked, "You want to put it in my ass?"

He admitted he had never done that before. I told him where to find the lube—I'd never go on this type of spring-break trip without it—and he lathered up his dick and my butt hole. My hubby fucks me in the ass on special occasions, and I love it. He's got a fat cock, though, while Ezra's long and skinny erection

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WIVES GONE WILD

was just perfect for butt-fucking.

Ezra took it nice and slow, pressing his slickened cockhead against my anus and popping it in. Once I grew accustomed to his prick, he began screwing me in a nice rhythm. Each time he advanced, his dick went farther up my chute. I very vocally encouraged him to keep going because it felt great. Finally, I could tell he was in my ass to the root, and my mind floated on a cloud of sexual bliss.

For the first time in my life, I came from ass-fucking alone, without my hands touching my pussy. It felt like my head was spinning, and I tingled from scalp to toes. Ezra was panting and groaning, and announced to the world quite loudly that he was going to come in my ass—and then he promptly did.

I rolled over, and his semen oozed out of my butt. I was totally spent. I told him he could stay the night if he wanted. He was pretty wiped out, so he nodded wordlessly before nodding off. We fell asleep on top of the blankets, naked, with the lights still on. I awoke

sometime in the wee hours and noticed he had another hard-on. I chuckled to myself and began stroking it. He grumbled, snuffled and moved a bit, making it easier for me to take him in my mouth. He woke up the moment before I sucked him between my lips, savoring him as if his dick were an all-day sucker. He came, and then we both dozed off again.

Ezra and I hung out the next day, and his buddies looked on enviously as we splashed around in the ocean together. I overheard one guy ask him, “Where’d you find the cougar?”

We spent night two in further erotic revelries, and by the time I flew home the next day my pussy and asshole were sore, and my jaw was aching.

That didn’t stop me from being ready for my husband when he came home. I greeted him with a martini in one hand, completely naked—save for a butt plug in my ass. It was a special occasion, after all.

—E.M., via email

HOPE RENEWED

That spring I was 37, married, in a rut and feeling urges to do crazy stuff like when I’d been a young hellcat.

My husband, Harry, was a decent man, but our sex life was a pale imitation of what it once had been. I was halfway expecting him to start his own midlife crisis—maybe buy a flashy sports car or have an affair with a college girl. I don’t think I would have minded either of those things, not with how I was feeling.

Harry was away for a weekend seminar. We’d had a halfhearted fuck the night before he’d left. Then I was alone in our empty house, with Saturday night creeping in. Fifteen years ago that would have meant going out and having a wild time.

I stood in front of our bathroom’s full-length mirror and stripped. I gave my nearly middle-aged body a thorough once-over. Exercise had kept me in good shape. My belly was flat, my legs taut. I turned and decided my ass still had a nice ripeness.

I put my hands to my breasts. They were firm and full. I squeezed my tits, my nipples stiffened and excitement tingled through me. I smiled and tugged on my nipples. The buds sprang to full hardness, and a jolt of pleasure shot straight to my clit.

On impulse I grabbed my electric shaver and removed all traces of my pubic hair. My naked flesh prickled, and I grinned as I ran my fingertips over my smooth lips. I felt a growing wetness gathering in my pussy. A wonderful sense of naughtiness came over me. I couldn’t remember when I’d last played with myself in front of a mirror.

I slipped a finger inside my cunt, sending pleasure dancing up my backbone. With my other hand, I thoroughly groped my own tits. Remembering I had the house to myself,



I began to moan and babble.

"You're one hot bitch, Hope," I whispered to my reflection.

I added a second finger and began to really work my slot. The slick heat inside me was exhilarating as I shouted obscenities at myself. My heart pounded, and my body shivered. I fingered my shaved pussy furiously.

My bliss climbed and climbed, and finally overwhelmed me. I came with a howl of sexual abandon. Afterward, I panted before the mirror, aware that my little self-administered pleasure session had been better than the sex I'd had the previous night with my husband.

Right then I made a decision. I would go out, hit one of my old hot spots. I would dance and feel alive again...and maybe do something wild.

I put on a tight black leather skirt and a sheer blouse and went downtown. But every one of my old haunts had changed hands, probably years ago. My onetime favorite club was now a paint-and-sip art studio—that was already closed. Another was an antique store that was locked up tight.

Refusing to give up, I picked a joint with a lot of neon out front. Inside, music pounded, and light whirled over the partiers on the packed dance floor. I threw myself in among the other bodies, more than a little self-conscious. I was aware that I was probably the oldest woman there. But no one else seemed to mind.

Soon enough, my worries were smashed by the pounding beat of the music. Everybody was gyrating wildly, dancing with no one and everyone. I found myself bouncing from partner to partner faster than my brain could keep score. Sweat slickened my skin, and the exertion felt great.

The whole experience was intoxicating and made my head whirl. Grinning, I stepped out of the heaving mass of bodies. I wasn't my young self anymore, but I certainly felt more alive



"HIS TONGUE LICKED MY NAKED GASH. I BIT MY LIP TO KEEP FROM CRYING OUT."

than I had in a while. It had been fun grinding with all those people on the dance floor.

Maybe that was all I'd needed to do. I could just go home and finger myself again. I didn't necessarily have to do anything drastic, I assured myself.

As I edged toward the exit, a young guy in a leather jacket stepped in front of me. He smiled at me. He had a smoldering face and a tight body. "Wanna dance?" he asked.

Why not? I thought. I returned to the floor with him. We moved to the hammering bass sounds. Unlike before,

I didn't switch partners. I danced only with him. He stayed in front of me, his body writhing like a snake. I moved in closer to him. He ground up against me. I felt his bulging crotch and pushed my tits up against his chest.

An alarm rang in my head: *Should I really be doing this?*

I'd never cheated on Harry. Then again, for all I knew he was boning some young thing at his seminar. And maybe that wouldn't have been the worst thing for our marriage. My sexual spark had definitely reignited. When Harry got back, I was already planning to fuck his brains out.

But right now I was practically dry-humping this young guy in the leather jacket. I let my hands slip underneath it and over his sweat-damp T-shirt. He took hold of my waist, grinding his enticing package deliberately against my leather skirt. My pussy was streaming with need.

I was nose-to-nose with him. I felt his breath whisper on my hungry lips. Every reawakened sexual instinct in me told me to kiss him, to jam my tongue down his throat, to grope him and ravish him. The eager look on his face

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told me he wanted the same.

But there was something I had to do first.

"I'm married," I said, showing him my wedding ring.

"That just makes you hotter," he said.

Sweeter words were never spoken. I grabbed his hand and pulled him along with me. If I was going to go wild, I would do it in full-on classic slut mode, like when I was his age.

I dragged my stud into the women's bathroom, found an empty stall and locked us inside together.

I wound my fingers into the creaking leather collar of his jacket and pulled his face toward mine. Our mouths crashed together, and our tongues tangled. We kissed deeply, smothering one another's moans of pleasure. I felt my pulse kicking up.

He seized my ass, and I clutched two handfuls of his, squeezing his muscular cheeks. He pulled up my skirt, his fingers sliding into the back of my lacy panties. His touch felt good as he kneaded my soft globes.

I started to reach for his fly, eager to get at his hard cock, but he was

quicker. He sank to the floor and yanked my panties down my legs. I stepped out of them and leaned back against the stall door. He flipped up the front of my leather mini, his eyes dancing.

First, I felt his breath on my newly shaved mound, which sent tremors of joy down all my limbs. Then his tongue licked my naked gash. I bit my lip to keep from crying out, even though the music was still loud in there, and even though I suspected a few other stalls had multiple occupants, too.

He lapped earnestly at my damp

**"I WAS LIKE A
HOT, YOUNG
TRAMP AGAIN,
LIVING LIFE AT
A HEART-RACING
SPEED."**

groove. Then his tongue slithered up inside me, and I humped instinctively against his face. I rocked my hips, reaching down to clutch his hair. He ate me harder, stabbing at my throbbing clit with his tongue. The intensity built inside me, and then washed over me.

I came with a louder cry, unable to hold it in. When he rocked back on his heels, I saw my juices glistening all over his mouth and chin. It was a beautiful sight.

When he rose to his feet, I dropped to my knees. I opened his jeans and hauled out his cock. It was a gorgeously hard shaft, the tip gleaming with a dewdrop of milky pre-come. I licked the bead up and swallowed it.

Then for the first time in years I took a stranger's dick into my mouth, hoping my cocksucking skills hadn't atrophied with marriage.

I shouldn't have worried because all the muscle memories were there. I swirled my tongue around his fat cockhead, then closed my lips around that knob and started sucking my way down the shaft. My tongue swizzled against his rod, and I made sure my teeth didn't scrape him as I took his head into my throat—with only a little gagging.

I had him sucked down to his nuts. His masculine flavor filled my senses, so that my whole being was aware of this delectable dick in my mouth.

I proceeded to blow him in earnest. I took every inch of him with each plunge, feeling a familiar delicious strain in my neck muscles. He started thrusting at my face. I liked that.

I liked everything about this—the setting, the grittiness, the anonymity. I didn't even know this guy's name! He was just some beautiful stranger who'd eaten my cunt in a toilet stall, and now I sucking on his cock. I was like a hot, young tramp again, living life at a heart-racing speed, without a single regret.

It would have been fine with me if he came in my mouth. I'd planned to



swallow his spunk. But he pulled me to my feet, with a hungry look in his eyes. I knew what to do. I slid past him, put my hands flat on the wall above the toilet and thrust my ass at him.

He moved in behind me, folding my skirt up over my back. He ran his spit-slick cockhead through the valley of my ass, grazing my butt hole before settling against my waiting pussy.

When he stroked into me in one long thrust, pleasure burst through my body, through every cell of me. His hands clutched my body. He quickly fell into a hard, driving rhythm.

It was fantastic. I balled one hand into a fist and beat it against the tiled wall in tempo to the smack of his balls against me. He fucked me deep, rearing my pussy with his ample cock. I heard the jingle of the zippers on his leather jacket and felt sweat gathering on my brow.

Mostly, though, I was aware of my mounting bliss. He rocketed in and out of my hole, pounding me furiously. His fingers dug into my ass, and the tiny stall seemed to spin. Without warning, his hot spunk erupted, which sent me into a glorious climax.

Afterward, we parted with a kiss. And I went home—a Hope renewed.

—H.T., New York, New York

❶ COCKTAIL

Pretty women always seemed to get stronger drinks from Teddy. I'd flirted with the bartender mercilessly for months while I was out with my girlfriends. One night I noticed that my drink could probably have taken the fucking paint off a car. I must have been lookin' good.

I watched him as he went into the backroom of the bar. My girlfriends chattered like birds on a wire, and I shifted on my stool because just watching

the way Teddy's ass moved in his snug, faded jeans made my pussy wet.

He emerged a moment later and called out to me above the din, saying, "Bulb in the vestibule is out." He winked at me as he approached on his way to the front door, and the air in my lungs seemed to disappear. He tugged at my hair as he passed me by, and I was shocked that such a simple gesture could make my nipples tighten.

Teddy knew I was married, and I knew he knew. It didn't seem to matter when it came to our hot and heavy flirting, and I was kind of hoping—as I hopped off my stool and followed him—that it wouldn't matter at all. It was just a whim, but one I very much wanted to follow.

In the vestibule, he was up on a stepladder, under the housing for the light. He glanced down, and when he saw it was me, he cocked an eyebrow.

"What's up, buttercup?"

I moved closer, praying the door behind me wouldn't swing open—and equally hoping the front door wouldn't either.

I boldly put my hand on his thigh and said, "Nothing. Just seeing if you needed

help." There was plenty of suggestion in my voice, and I dragged my nails across the faded denim that covered his thigh.

"Not with a light bulb," he said, his voice just as suggestive as mine.

I moved my hand up to cup the growing bulge behind his zipper. I gave his package a light squeeze and asked, "What did you have in mind?"

"What did you have in mind?" he countered. Then he climbed down slowly, letting me slide my hands along his body as he moved.

His cock was hard. I'd felt it—and that was all I could focus on.

He folded up the stool, pushed his hand beneath my long hair and cradled my neck. His eyes were a warm whiskey-brown. He pulled me close and kissed me. His tongue touched mine, and I felt a rush of my juices flood my panties. My stomach clenched with excitement, and my head buzzed.

"You sure about this?" he pulled back to ask.

"Very. Kiss me again."

He kissed me again, and I dragged a finger down the length of his cock just



LETTERS

WIVES GONE WILD

**“I CLENCHED MY
PUSSY AROUND
HIM AS HE
FUCKED ME. HE
HELD ME FAST.”**

to feel his hard-on again. He was still on duty. Nothing could happen right then, at least not more than what we were already doing. But I wanted him to think of nothing else for the next hour until his shift ended.

Teddy looked around, smiled, and then bent to suck my nipple through my black blouse. His mouth left a wet ring around my nipple. He grabbed my ass, squeezed it and whispered in my ear, “I’ve been thinking about fucking you since the first time I saw you.”

“That was months ago.”

“Lots of hard-ons, lots of jerking off.”

“Surely, you can get laid.”

“Oh, I get laid, but I won’t lie. More than once I was picturing you while I screwed someone else.”

His confession turned me on more than I thought it should.

“In an hour, you can have me,” I said.

He nodded. “An hour.”

He pushed his mouth to my ear again and whispered, “How wet is your pussy inside those jeans?”

“Soaked,” I told him honestly, before turning on my heel and heading back into the bar.

That hour seemed like a century. I begged off going to another club with the girls, claiming a headache. I told them not to worry about me; I’d stay behind, finish my drink and then go home.

That, of course, was a total lie.



When Teddy’s shift ended at 10 he winked at me and went into the back to clock out. I headed out to my car but just stood there, waiting for him.

He came out a few minutes later, nodded to a red truck near the back of the lot and took my hand. My heart was pounding, and my pussy was clenching randomly because I was so aroused. I smelled the night air and saw the stars starting to peek out of the inky-black sky.

“My place okay?” he asked.

“Perfect.”

He drove quickly, and we arrived at his home in no time. It was a small house that had been converted into two apartments.

“I’m upstairs,” he said. Then he waved me ahead of him. “I think I’ll like the view. Actually, I *know* I’ll like the view,” he added with a laugh.

I climbed slowly, letting him watch my ass as much as he wanted.

At the top of the steps, he unlocked his door. I walked in and glanced quickly around the place. Then I turned to him and drew down his zipper.

“Right to it?” He grinned.

“Yes, right to it. I’ve been thinking about it forever.”

I pulled his cock through the slit in his boxer briefs and stroked him. He was long, hard and as smooth as silk. I ran my thumb slowly across the bulbous tip of his hard dick, and he growled softly.

He put his hand atop my head and pushed. I willingly sank to my knees in front of him. I licked the tip of his cock until I heard him suck in a breath like he’d been burned. His hips rocked forward, and he filled my mouth with his rod. I inhaled deeply and let him fill my throat for a moment. He held my head and then slid in and out of me, finding a good rhythm. I sucked him, dragged my tongue along his shaft and teased the tip. I tasted the saltiness of his skin as I lapped at him.

He pulled free of me with a grunt.

“If I keep letting you do that, this will be over before it starts. That mouth of yours is magic.”

He gave me his hand and helped me up. As he undressed me, he used his lips and teeth on my skin to torment me. He whisked my top off and then kissed my shoulder. Next, he removed my bra before he skated his sharp teeth across my pink nipple. He worked open the button on my jeans and parted them, yanking them down before he brought his face to my panty-covered crotch.

He inhaled deeply. “I can smell your pussy.” Then he dragged his tongue along the fabric. “And I can taste it, too. You weren’t lying about being wet.”

I moaned helplessly, imagining what that tongue would feel like on my bare skin, dragging over my clit.

When he stood, he helped me get totally naked before he snagged my wrist and tugged me over to the island between his kitchen and living room.

"Put your hands on the counter, spread your legs and stick your ass out."

Every order made my cunt wetter. I tried to catch my breath as I splayed my hands on the countertop and spread my legs. He grabbed my hips and angled me to his liking, and I could feel my juices wetting my inner thighs.

Teddy pushed his fingers inside me, and I moaned. He slid them in and out a few times. I was so wet I could hear every squishy thrust.

"So wet. Wet for me. I can't thank you enough," he said with a chuckle.

Then he was plunging his cock into me. I stood on my tiptoes to enable his thrusts. I clenched my pussy around him as he fucked me. He held me fast, tugging me to him, even as he drove into me. His breath was hot on my back. He leaned over and bit my neck, and I felt my pussy grip him tightly.

I was so close to coming, and it seemed he could tell. He backed off enough to keep me on edge, and I groaned. He squeezed my flesh hard, and I pushed myself back onto his cock every time he drove into me. The force of us meeting rocked me. I reached down to stroke my clit, and Teddy snarled at me.

"Hand on the counter."

I did as he said, a thrill running down my spine at his gruff command. His tempo increased, and I knew he was going to come.

"Fuck," he said, "you're so wet."

I hung my head and squeezed my internal muscles.

This time, he roared like some caged beast and he came, his hands clenching my hips so tight it stung.

He pulled free of me and turned me so my back pressed the counter's edge. Then he got down on his knees and held my thighs in his callused hands. He put his mouth on my slit,

working me gently at first.

I threaded my fingers through his dark hair and pushed my hips forward to get more contact with his hot, wet mouth. He flicked his tongue against my clit, smacking it with the rigid tip until a buzz rolled through me. I was close, but I needed more.

He nudged the hard knot of flesh repeatedly, his breath hot. I felt his come start to slide out of me. It turned me on beyond belief that Teddy was a man who didn't shy away from that.

I'd no sooner finished the thought when he pushed a thick finger inside me and used his come as lubricant to fuck me with that digit.

His mouth latched onto my clit, and he sucked it. He worked gently at first, but when I moved my hips chaotically, he increased his suction.

I came, crying out loudly. I thought he'd stop, but he just kept going. Even as my pussy rippled around his finger, he added a second. His tongue returned to my clit, slow but hard. His licks were even and timed. I needed it a bit faster. At his current speed, he was just teasing me.

His fingers moved deep inside me, forcing another orgasm to begin to build. I rocked my hips against his mouth, trying to get him to move his tongue faster. Finally, as my cunt started to grip his thrusting fingers more intensely, his tongue moved faster. He licked me, sucked me and flicked me with a fast rhythm that took my breath away.

I came again, yanking his hair as payback for the teasing. But the force and sweetness of my release more than made up for the torturous licks.

He grinned at me from the floor. "Think we can do this again sometime?"

I bopped his nose and simply said, "Maybe."

-S.D., via email

Did you marry your wife because of her wild ways or did you discover them too late—or just in time to enjoy them? Tell *Penthouse Letters*, Department WW, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to letters@penthouse.com.





SPRING BREAK

LEXI AND RYAN'S BEACH GETAWAY SIZZLED—
AND THEY NEVER EVEN LEFT THEIR ROOM!





“FEMALE ANATOMY—IT’S MY
FAVORITE STUDY SUBJECT!”

—RYAN











SHARE THE LOVE

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COMING FROM AWAY

A new visitor to Newfoundland gets a warm welcome from the locals.

By Jessica Goode

Working as a museum consultant takes me to some weird and wonderful places, which is one of the things I love most about my job. I tend to work with lots of lovely older folks and maintain a cordial but professional relationship with those I meet. But I had a much different experience this summer when I went to Newfoundland, which has to be the friendliest and most down-to-earth place in the world.

The day of my arrival, the plane had to circle St. John's airport twice due to fog, and my fellow passengers gave a cheer when we finally touched down. My seatmate assured me this was absolutely normal for landing on "The Rock," as she called it.

Picking up my rental car, the desk agent called me "my love," in a thick, almost Irish-sounding accent. Same as the guy from whom I bought a coffee, and just about everyone else I encountered during my three-day stay. I found it immediately sweet, but had no idea the instant familiarity would rub off. I would end up dropping all professional boundaries on this trip.

By the time I'd left the airport the skies were clear. I was heading off to a small museum where I'd be spending a couple of days consulting with its director on the development of the local tourism industry. The location was three-and-a-half hours up the coastline, and the drive was gloriously pretty.

The tiny fishing village I was staying in was picturesque, and my hotel room huge with a big deck looking out over the grey-blue ocean waves. There was a lighthouse in the distance and brightly painted fishing shacks on the

cliffs overlooking the bay. All this made me joyful as I headed to the museum to meet the director, Sterling. I expected some doddering old guy, but instead Sterling was barely 40 and muscular, with piercing blue eyes and a rakish grin. He was clad in impeccably tailored gray slacks and a pale pink button-down shirt. His handsome appearance was a very pleasant surprise, indeed. Sterling appraised me rather appreciatively, too, before switching to consummate-professional mode and starting my

**"I MOANED AS HE
RODE IN AND OUT,
HILT TO TIP,
WHISPERING
DIRTY
ENDEARMENTS."**

tour of the museum and grounds.

We mixed small talk with our discussions on strategic plans and objectives, and I figured maybe Sterling was gay or attached. But as our workday drew to a close, he asked if I had plans for the evening. I said no, and he offered to take me out for food and to show me a few places. Crossing the museum's small parking lot I told him to pick me up in an hour, so that I could freshen up, and as he ushered me toward my car, his hand brushed against my butt so gently the gesture could have been accidental. I shivered, hoping that it wasn't.

I changed into jeans and a light sweater, put on a little lipstick and perfume, and decided to wait for Sterling outside my hotel while enjoying the view of the sea. I'd been told it wasn't unusual to see whales frolicking in the bay, so was hopeful. No dice though, and Sterling pulled up, right on time, telling me to hop into his Jeep Wrangler. He was as hot as hell, dressed in dark jeans and an expensive-looking sweater.

"Do you like fish and chips?" he asked. I told him sure, and he explained I hadn't lived until I'd had it with dressing and gravy piled on top of the fries, true Newfoundland style. He drove us to a home-style diner, jumped out and returned in short order with a steaming bag that smelled greasy and divine. Then we were off again, traveling down an unpaved road until there was nowhere else to go.

"C'mon," he said, grabbing the food and a blanket from the backseat.

Sterling spread the blanket on the ground a safe distance from the edge of the low cliff, then unwrapped the packages of fish and chips. He passed me my meal and a can of soda.

"Welcome to Newfoundland," he said, gesturing toward the bay, and I was utterly charmed by his easygoing manner and the spectacular view.

I sat down there on the clifftop with him, eating the delicious greasy food and swigging soda, and then realized that—*holy shit!*—there were a bunch of puffins no more than 20 feet away from us. Sterling laughed to see how delighted I was by the chubby birds. The evening was warm, the setting was glorious, and when Sterling pulled a pint of rum out of his bag and passed it to me, I gleefully poured a big shot into



what was left of my cola.

"So, Sterling," I asked, "what's a guy like you doing in a place like this?"

"Don't let my accent fool you," he said. "I'm from here. Just went away to school, worked in New York for a decade, then came back because I missed the place. I love it here."

"I can see why," I replied, meaning it because the scene was beautiful, and the warmth of the rum was making me want to stay, too. Sterling moved the evidence of our meal off the blanket and snuggled in close next to me. He pointed out toward the ocean, "Look—there's a whale." And so there was. I watched a humpback breach right in front of me, gasped, and then sighed as it disappeared.

I turned my head and kissed him, exhilarated. If ever there was a moment to start something, this had to be it.

Sterling answered my kiss, and I fell back onto the blanket, taking him with

me. We made out like teenagers there on the cliffs. I was so ravenously hungry for this hot man. I tugged at his shirt and off it came, I licked at his tanned chest and pulled at his belt. His hands were under my sweater, yanking it off and popping my breasts from my bra, then he lowered his head to suck my nipples, which were rock hard. The sea breeze was tickling every naked part of me, my body electrified at his touch. He shimmied out of his jeans, thick cock springing proud when his boxers slid down. I wrapped my hand around his solid shaft. It responded with a pulse.

He unbuttoned my jeans and pulled them off me. Suddenly, we were there buck naked on the blanket. I was so ready to fuck him right then, but he held back.

"Slow, love. We've got plenty of time," he said with a playful laugh before moving down my body and placing his head squarely between my legs.

I lifted my hips, desperate for contact as he started delivering soft, fluttery flicks to my clit before moving to deep, earth-shaking laps all along my pussy. His tongue probed me, then he inserted a finger to increase my pleasure. I clutched his head and bucked against him as I came hard, with the crashing waves as an explosive soundtrack to a perfect orgasm. After I stopped thrashing and cursing, Sterling lifted his head, came up to kiss me, then sank his dick deep into my sopping wet pussy. I was so devastatingly turned on. I moaned as he slowly rode in and out, hilt to tip, whispering dirty endearments. I'm not sure whether I came again, or I just hadn't stopped from the first time, but I was just all tremors at that point. I thought for sure he was going to come when he pulled his dick out, sat up and grinned.

"Are you having fun, my dear?"

"Sure am," I told him, then pushed him

EROTICA

back onto the springy moss and grass. The blanket was a scrunched up mess by then. I took his wet cock in my mouth and sucked it clean of my taste as I stroked his sac and squeezed it gently until he moaned little blasphemies. I could hear a definite local accent then, his more refined nature receding as his raw self emerged.

I ran the fingernails of my free hand along his thigh and took his shaft deeper down my throat. He groaned and warned me if I didn't stop he was going to shoot. I sucked harder, twirling my tongue around the head of his big, fat dick, and he shuddered and exploded into my mouth. I swallowed his load greedily, then sat up and swigged at my rum and cola. I laughed as he groaned and muttered obscenities.

"I wasn't finished fucking you," he said.

I shrugged and told him the night was still young.

"If I were still young I'd be making another go at you right now," he retorted, "but this old man needs to recover first."

We dressed, gathered up our stuff and returned to his Jeep. Sterling said

he had somewhere else to take me, and we drove out to the lighthouse that I'd seen from my deck. We watched the sky turn red, and once the sun had set, we returned to my hotel. I invited Sterling in, and he followed me up the stairs, saying hello a little guiltily to the very nice old woman who owned the hotel. I guess in a small town like that everyone knows each other, and usually I would never have been so brazen on a business trip, but our alfresco sex session, along with the tots of rum, had pushed me past the point of caring.

I put the TV on a music channel for some background noise, and then we were back at it, naked in minutes and rolling around on the bed. Before long, we were coming together for a long, slow missionary fuck. Around midnight, Sterling said he'd better go, as we were meeting with the museum trustees that morning, and he'd rather head into the appointment looking half decent and somewhat rested.

"But tomorrow's your last night here. We'll go do something, yeah?"

After he left, I fell into a deep

contented sleep, wondering what tomorrow would bring and feeling very, very happy to be exactly where I was right at that moment.

The trustees were exactly as I'd expected: a bunch of lovely old farts with good intentions. We drank tea and ate blueberry scones. Sterling and I avoided eye contact for the most part, but there were a few looks, and I felt myself blush when I caught him glancing down my shirt as I leaned across the table to grab a second scone. I did get the feeling that one of the old dears knew something was up, and at lunch, she shared that her sister owned the inn where I was staying, so I realized I'd been rumbled. I definitely blushed then.

We got through the day of meetings, and toward the end I felt my phone vibrate, Sterling had sent a text saying he'd pick me up at seven. I texted back to confirm, and my pussy got a little moist thinking about what might happen. With all the museum business done, I said my good-byes and returned to the hotel. I enjoyed a long shower, played with myself a little, spent time straightening my hair and put on a cotton dress. I felt sexy and was ready for another lusty session with Sterling.

After I jumped into his Jeep, Sterling gave my thigh a squeeze and told me he was taking me to one of his favorite places, a craft brewery and bar in a converted schoolhouse. He said I'd get to meet a few locals, then we could head back to his place if I so desired. That was all fine with me.

We arrived at the brewery, and there were just a few others there, mostly old-timers propping up the bar. Judging from the short amount of time I'd spent in that corner of the world, there seemed to be far fewer young people around than there were old.

We sampled beers and talked, making vague plans about my possible return someday on museum business, or about Sterling looking me up next



time he was in Chicago, where I lived. There were no promises, and I liked that; everything was fun and breezy. I was newly divorced and found out he was, too, so the relaxed mood suited us both just fine. We were on our second flight of beer when a good looking guy about our age walked in. He was a little rough around the edges, needed a shave, had muscular tattooed arms and was dirty-hot. Of course, Sterling knew him and called him over. "This is Dave, my oldest friend," he said.

Dave gave me a cheeky wink and pulled a chair up to our table. He exuded sex appeal, and his glances at me were hungry. It turned out that he and Sterling grew up together, but while Sterling had been the "book smart" one who'd gone away to school, lost his thick accent and acted like an outsider, Dave had become a fisherman like his father, stayed home, got married and had three kids.

"Completely different lives," said Sterling, "But now Dave's divorced, too, so maybe it's time for him to get back in the game."

We joked about how strange it was to be footloose and fancy free as grownups, and I felt Dave's leg press against mine under the table. I was having a lot of fun and knew I could have either man if I wanted. But I hadn't considered having both.

We drank a little more, and then Dave got up.

"I have to go check my lobster pots," he said.

I laughed, but he insisted he was serious. He took my hand and kissed it before telling me he hoped he'd get to see me again. I was disappointed to see him go.

"All the girls like Dave," Sterling said, after the fisherman left. I confessed that he was a good-looking man, and I could understand the attraction. He asked if I'd been thinking about fucking his friend. I told Sterling no. Thoughts of getting fucked by Dave had crossed my mind,



**"HE SHUDDERED
AND EXPLODED
INTO MY MOUTH.
I SWALLOWED HIS
LOAD GREEDILY."**

so I wasn't even sure if my answer was a lie. That's when Sterling asked if I'd ever had a threesome with two guys, and I confided I hadn't, but it was on my list of things that I'd like to try someday.

"We had one once with Dave's ex-wife, back when we were young," Sterling admitted. "It was pretty hot, but made things weird for a long time. I think these things are probably best done with people you don't run into at the grocery store every week."

"With people who are just visiting for a

few days then?" I teased.

"Yes," Sterling said, holding my gaze. I stared back, licking my lips. My pussy was growing wet at just the mention of this naughty possibility. "I can text Dave and tell him to meet us back at my place if you want."

I nodded, too turned on to speak, and Sterling pulled out his phone to message Dave.

We drove to Sterling's house in near silence. The sky was darkening, and I watched stars pop out above us in the inky sky. I was vibrating with excitement. As we pulled into Sterling's driveway, I saw a big black truck. Dave was leaning against the driver's side door, smoking a cigarette. He flashed a goofy grin when he saw me.

We went into Sterling's perfectly lovely home, and he brought us beer and put music on. I sat on his big sofa, leaning back into the luxurious cushions and letting my legs part slightly. I knew that Dave, who sat opposite me, could clearly see my black lace underwear.

"Well then," I said, "you guys have done this before. So where do we start?"

EROTICA



Dave looked at Sterling, who nodded at him, and then moved over to sit next to me on the sofa. He kissed me hard on the mouth and unbuttoned the front of my dress, exposing my bra. Sterling sat on the other side of me, running his hands up my thighs and raising the hem of my dress. Sterling kissed the back of my neck, and I just about melted, loving all of their attention. I put a hand on Dave's crotch and felt that his dick was already hard—and it seemed even bigger than Sterling's. I quivered a little, deep inside, in anticipation. Sterling was easing my panties down, and then he slipped a finger straight into my wet hole, his thumb pushing down on my clit. I moaned, letting my head fall back, and Dave suckled at my breasts through the lace of my bra.

"Get undressed, both of you," I commanded. They stood up and stepped out of their pants and underwear before simultaneously pulling their shirts over their heads. I looked at them and giggled. "This is just fantastic," I said.

I placed my hands on their impressively stiff cocks, which were now at eye level. I pulled them both toward me, licking each in turn.

Dave put one of his big hands on my head and muttered, "Holy fuck."

I sucked him first, working my hand up and down Sterling, then switched, going back and forth until Sterling suggested we move someplace where we could get more comfortable.

He took me by the hand and led me to his bedroom, with Dave following close behind.

Sterling hesitated at the threshold, but I walked in with confidence, pulled off my dress and climbed onto the big bed, staying on my hands and knees with my ass in the air. I looked over my shoulder at the two of them.

Dave accepted the unspoken invitation, coming up behind me and stroking the tip of his dick along my dripping slit. I pushed my ass back, and his thick cock popped inside, filling and spreading me. It felt so damn good,

but there was, of course, another dick waiting for my attention. I felt powerful. I'd never been as turned on as I was right then.

I called Sterling over, and he got on his knees before me. I took the swollen bulb of his cock into my mouth and sucked him deep. He moaned and tangled his fingers in my hair, directing the speed with which I sucked him. It felt so good to be plowed by Dave while sucking on Sterling's dick. I felt deliciously depraved, and an orgasm was building fast. Dave must've sensed my growing excitement and spanked my ass. He began pulling almost all the way out of me before plunging back in and reaching around to put pressure on my clit.

I moaned around Sterling's dick until the pleasure became too much. I released him and put my head down on my folded arms while Dave jammed his cock inside me one last time before he said to Sterling, "Your turn."

With my face in the mattress, I

**“IT FELT SO GOOD
TO BE PLOWED BY
DAVE WHILE
SUCKING ON
STERLING’S DICK.”**

couldn't see Sterling, but the feeling of his unseen cock gliding inside me—a different thickness and size—was divine. I lifted my head and there was Dave's dick in front of my face.

“I want you to shoot your load into my mouth,” I said before swallowing his shaft.

Dave fucked my face with jerky thrusts, then grunted as his jizz shot into my mouth. I pulled back and lovingly licked his softening prick while Sterling continued to fuck me. As my pleasure grew, I reared back toward him, meeting him thrust for thrust. I knew Sterling couldn't last much longer, and I was right. He moaned loudly as he came and collapsed against me, thoroughly spent.

The three of us lay there, sweaty and a little awkward. I said I needed to go because I had an early flight, which was true. Dave offered me a ride, and I passionately kissed Sterling good-bye.

“It's been fun,” I told him, and he agreed that it had been. At my hotel, I squeezed Dave's dick through his jeans and thanked him for a fun evening. He said if I was ever back in Newfoundland I should look him up. I laughed and said sure before heading into my room to take a long, hot shower.

I hadn't been planning to return to Newfoundland anytime soon, but you could definitely say the town made an impression on me. ☪





LETTER OF THE MONTH

OLD FRIENDS

When Melanie comes for a visit with her former college roommate, she sparks a rollicking three-way romp.

When my girlfriend's old college roommate, Melanie, came to visit us for a weekend, I'd expected we'd take the woman out to dinner and show her some of the local sights. The last thing I anticipated was finding myself involved in a threesome with two beautiful women in a marathon session of fucking that lasted most of the weekend.

Our time together began innocently enough when Cyndi and I went to pick up her friend at the airport. She hadn't seen Melanie since they'd both graduated almost five years earlier. She attempted to regale me with stories of their exploits during their college days, involving other people I'd never met—and copious amounts of alcohol. But I suppressed a yawn. Someone else's fond memories of college keggers are nearly always less interesting than your own. I fully intended to be a good, dutiful boyfriend, spending a little time getting to know Melanie, then leaving the women to their memories as soon as politely possible.

Cyndi was as giddy as a kid in a candy store while we waited at the gate for our first glimpse of Melanie, who had, incidentally, modeled for a brief time to put herself through school. I made sure to tell Cyndi how great she looked. I knew my girl was a little nervous she might not be aging as gracefully as her perfect friend. Insecurities aside, Cyndi really is beautiful. My girlfriend has shoulder-length, honey-blond hair, wide hazel eyes set in a lovely oval face with utterly kissable lips. Her body is curved the way I like, with full breasts and a nice, round ass.

"There she is! Hey, Mel!"

Cyndi's ear-splitting shriek snapped

my attention from her butt. I looked up to see a tall, elegant woman walking toward us from across the terminal. She had long, black hair and a toothpaste-commercial smile that sparkled. I recognized her from old photographs, and she was even more gorgeous than she'd been in college.

"Sweetie! Oh God, I've missed you." Melanie launched herself into Cyndi's arms. The two women hugged hard, pressed a quick kiss to each other's lips, then pulled apart to begin chattering so

"MY BALLS DREW TIGHT, AND MY ORGASM EXPLODED THROUGH MY WHOLE BODY."

fast it was difficult to distinguish actual words.

I waited to be introduced, thinking this was going to be one hell of a long weekend. I had to admit, though, that they looked good together, these two old friends. Melanie's tall, svelte darkness was a pretty contrast to Cyndi's voluptuous form and peaches and cream complexion. For a second, I allowed my mind to dwell on an erotic fantasy of the two of them in bed together. The image of them tussling between the sheets burned into my brain, and my cock went rock hard. I hoped Melanie didn't notice the bulge in

my pants as Cyndi finally remembered to introduce me.

"Good to finally meet you." Melanie's long, slender fingers wrapped around my hand and her deep brown eyes scanned my face as if taking my measure. The woman had bedroom eyes that screamed "sex!"

"And I've heard so much about you," I said.

"Nothing too naughty, I hope." Her rich, smoky voice was like fingers tickling my spine, and her throaty laugh made the rod in my pants swell even more.

I released her hand and suggested we go to the baggage claim. Turning away, I reached down and secretly adjusted my erection, which was pressing painfully against my fly.

Cyndi had affectionately told me that Mel was quite the slut back in their college days, a bundle of erotic energy that just wouldn't quit. Clearly time hadn't changed that. She was sex personified, and I realized boredom might not be my problem that weekend. Keeping my dick in my pants with Melanie around might be.

Back at our apartment, I left the women alone to do some catching up, while I went into my office and closed the door so I could get some work done. However, rather than diving into financial reports, I began beating off to some sexy photos in my favorite magazine. Not surprisingly, I turned to a spread with a pair of women fucking one another. I took my massive erection in hand and stroked it hard and fast until come spurted across the glossy pages.

Masturbation took the edge off my lust, but I still felt a swirling sexuality in the air the moment I was in Melanie's company again. I escorted the ladies

out to dinner and laughed at our guest's tales of her life among the divas of the fashion industry. She'd switched to the opposite side of the camera and was currently working as a photographer rather than a model.

As we finished our entrees, I felt a foot touch mine, beneath the table. Rather than moving away, it stroked up the length of my calf to my knee, then caressed the inside of my thigh. I glanced at Cyndi. She wasn't looking at me; she was staring at Mel with a surprised expression. And Melanie was smiling, her gaze flicking back and forth between us, as though she longed to eat us both for dessert. Her tongue swept over her lips, a luscious pink against the dark magenta of her lipstick.

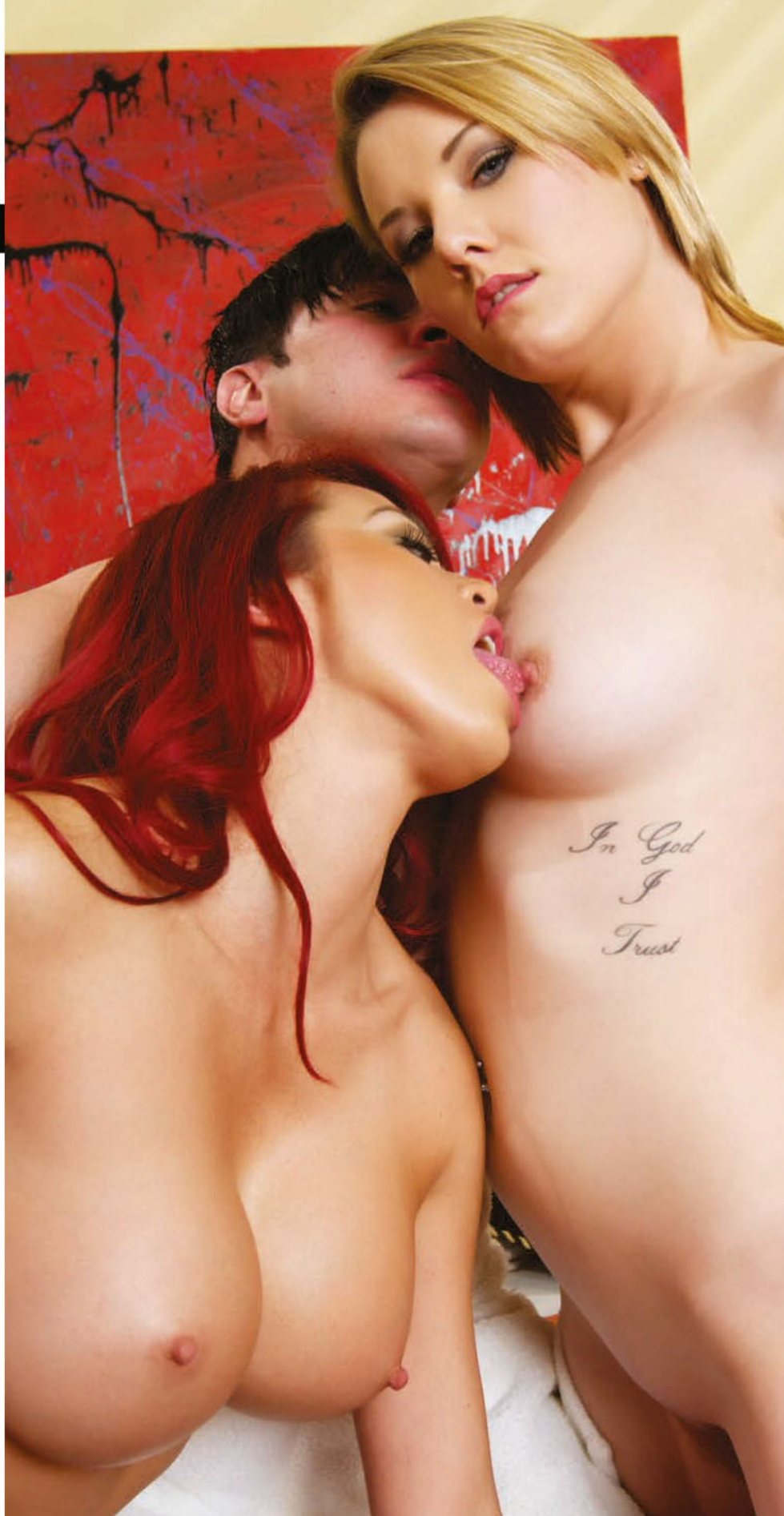
"Come to the restroom with me, Cyn." Melanie's foot abandoned my leg as she rose from her seat with a jungle cat's glide.

In a moment both ladies were gone, and I was left alone to gulp my gin and tonic and reach under the table to adjust yet another erection. What was my job as a boyfriend? I thought it was to steer clear of Melanie, yet still act as a genial host. The situation was getting difficult, and the weekend had barely begun.

Nearly 10 minutes slipped by before the ladies returned, and when they did, I was instantly alerted to a change in Cyndi's expression. Her blue-gray eyes gleamed with mischief, and she and Melanie were holding hands as they walked toward the table. Interesting!

The girls were ready to wrap up our meal. They turned down my offer of dessert with a shared laugh and an exchanged look that excluded me from some private joke. I didn't discover what they were up to until we got home, but it was well worth the wait.

Cyndi poured us all after-dinner drinks. As we sat in the living room and sipped our cocktails, I felt a mounting sensual tension in the air. The women told a few more tales of the good old



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days, which became increasingly sexy and graphic. Melanie shared intimate details about a threesome she'd been in with a couple of guys. The images her story conjured in my mind set my skin burning and my cock raging again. But what surprised me even more, was that after a few additional sips of her drink, Cyndi confessed that she and Melanie had made out one night and she'd never forgotten it.

"It was really hot." Sitting beside me on the couch, Cyndi rubbed my thigh as she gazed into my eyes. "Want to see how hot it can be, Jared?"

I lifted my brows. "Now?"

She nodded.

"Reminiscing about things we did made us start talking about things we'd like to do. If you're interested, we'd like to play a little—all of us together. I think it'd be exciting." Cyndi paused, a pretty pink blush coloring her cheeks, and added, "But only if you want."

Was she kidding? I had just beaten off to that fantasy only a couple of hours ago. I couldn't think of anything more satisfying than having sex with two

beautiful women at once and having a girlfriend who not only approved of it, but had suggested it!

"Absolutely!" was my fervent reply.

Cyndi leaned in to kiss me lightly on the mouth then crossed the room to perch herself beside Melanie, sitting on the wide arm of her chair. She leaned down to kiss her friend's lush lips, and the women tenderly explored each other's delicate mouths. As they parted, I swallowed hard and the ache in my groin increased exponentially.

Mel's hand snaked around the back of Cyndi's neck and held her head in place. She swept her tongue across and then between Cyndi's parted lips before engaging her in a deep kiss. The sight of these two sexy women fused in passion sent my cock straining savagely against my pants. It felt as if it might burst through, and this was only the beginning.

Melanie pulled my girlfriend down onto her lap, wrapping an arm around her. One hand settled on Cyndi's ass, gripping it tight and bunching up the blue fabric of her skirt. The other one

slid up her pale thigh and disappeared under Cyndi's hem. My girlfriend made a soft whimpering sound as Mel reached between her legs and, no doubt, found her pussy.

"Take her clothes off." My voice was so hoarse I barely recognized it.

Shooting a wicked glance my way, Melanie obliged. Both women stood, and Cyndi held her arms up so Melanie could strip off her top and then remove her bra, exposing her pale breasts topped with shell-pink nipples. Then Melanie unfastened my girlfriend's skirt and slipped it down her hips, taking her panties along with it. Cyndi's nude body was sight enough to keep me hard anytime I looked at it, but watching Melanie suck one of those rosy nipples into her mouth made my cock threaten to explode.

Melanie grasped one of Cyndi's tits, squeezing the globe then twisting and pulling the nipple before flicking at it with her tongue. Mel made eye contact with me as she worked, her tongue lapping all over my girl's entire breast as I held my breath. Cyndi's mouth had formed into a round "O" of pleasure.

"Now strip, Melanie," I ordered, while unzipping my fly and reaching inside my pants to grasp my cock. I gripped it tight, not stroking it, but clamping a circle down at the base to keep from coming too quickly.

Cyndi's face flushed prettily as Mel pulled her own tank top over her head and tossed it aside. Melanie's dark curls tumbled wildly around her face and cascaded over her shoulders. Her breasts weren't as full as Cyndi's, and her generous areolas covered a large portion of them. I was fascinated by the length of her erect nipples and longed to bite them. Instead, Cyndi did it for me, nipping a brown bud and making Melanie jerk and moan.

Cyndi took to the task of suckling on Melanie's nipples until they were incredibly erect and glistening. Once



“CYNDI SWIRLED HER TONGUE OVER MEL’S CLIT AND FUCKED HER WITH SEVERAL FINGERS.”

she was satisfied, she helped her friend out of the rest of her clothes. Cyndi’s pussy was nearly bare but for a soft, golden trail of hair on her mound, but Mel’s was waxed smooth, exposing every fold of her delicious-looking cunt. Both women stood naked before me, each attractive in a completely different way. Stepping toward each other, they embraced with their breasts mashed together and their pussies grinding into one another.

Cyndi put her arms around Mel’s neck and rose up on her toes to reach the taller girl’s mouth. They kissed as their bodies rubbed together in a sensual rhythm.

Although I was enjoying watching them, I was more than ready to become a part of the equation. I cleared my throat to draw their attention, and both women turned toward me, their lips shining from wet kisses. Together, they crossed the room and settled on either side of me on the couch. I hardly knew where to begin but started by slipping an arm around each woman. Their soft, warm bodies surrounded me, and I inhaled their sweet scents.

Cyndi cupped the side of my face and turned it her way. Her moist lips met mine in a small, teasing kiss. She released my mouth, and Melanie took control, bringing my face to hers. As she kissed me tenderly with her plump lips,

her hand went down to my crotch and took hold of my cock. With a firm grip, she stroked up and down my shaft, and I gasped against her plunging tongue.

Meanwhile, my girlfriend was kissing my neck and unbuttoning my shirt. She stripped it off my shoulders and down my arms, moving her mouth to my nipples to lick and nip them as she had Melanie’s. I reveled in the blissful sensation of being kissed and pumped by Mel, and licked and nibbled by Cyndi, her hands stroking my arms and shoulders.

After a few moments of this pampering, Cyndi broke off and got busy removing the rest of my clothes. Melanie let go of my cock and slipped down to her knees beside her old school friend. The two women knelt there, taking a moment to look up at me with seductive smiles. It was a fantasy come true as they dove at my cock. Cyndi held my throbbing shaft upright, and they each took a side, licking slowly up its length.

I groaned in pleasure and rested my hands on blonde hair and black, feeling the fine, silky texture of one and the thick abundance of the other. Cyndi’s tongue swept over my cockhead, lapping up the pearly pre-come already collecting there. Melanie went lower, licking the

base of my shaft then moved even farther down, slurping my balls into her wet mouth. Her finger and thumb circled my cock tight, extending both my pleasure and my torture. The exquisite agony of two mouths—licking, sucking, and nibbling—went on and on. Sweat broke out on my face, and I groaned continuously as the women lavished me with erotic attention.

Suddenly, Melanie released her restrictive grip on the base of my cock and began stroking its length again, pumping hard while gobbling my sac. Cyndi increased her efforts, sucking my head until her cheeks hollowed with the effort. Saliva slid down from her mouth, lubricating the shaft for Melanie’s gliding hand. She’d finally let go of my balls as she concentrated solely on jerking my shaft.

The swirling tension in my groin grew more intense. My balls drew tight, and my orgasm exploded through my whole body as well as my cock. I cried out as hot jets of come spurted from me into Cyndi’s mouth. She pulled off so I could watch as the cream hit her lips and cheek and dripped off of her chin.

Still milking me of the last drops of my load, Mel leaned toward Cyndi and licked the jism from my girl’s face with delicate swipes of her tongue. Caught



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up in the ecstasy of the moment, I gaped dumbly at the sight.

When the final waves of my pleasure had ebbed, I flopped back against the couch and drew in a deep, shaky breath.

"Ladies, that was...amazing!"

"Ah, but it's only the beginning. There are plenty of things you're going to be doing for us," Melanie insisted.

She was right.

We moved our party into the bedroom where there was more room to maneuver. Melanie sprawled across

our bed, with her legs spread wide. She toyed invitingly with her pussy, slipping her finger inside and smearing her plump outer lips with her glistening juice. I was torn between wanting to taste her and wanting to watch Cyndi eat her.

Cyndi made the choice for me.

If watching the girls kissing and tit-suckling had been arousing, seeing Cyndi burrowing between Mel's thighs was even more exciting. Each stroke of her tongue and plunge of her fingers made the other girl whine and writhe.

"More! Oh, God, yeah!" Melanie panted as her hips thrust toward Cyndi's pretty face.

Idly stroking my cock as I watched, I wasn't too surprised when it began to stir again. The beauty of the women's sex show was too much for my organ to ignore.

As Cyndi swirled her tongue over Mel's clit and fucked her with several fingers at once, the dark-skinned woman bucked more intensely. Her fingers gripped the sheets, and her head rolled back on the pillow, her back bending

and forcing her tiny tits upward.

I took one of Mel's nipples between my lips, sucking hard while I rolled the other erect bud between my fingers, twisting and pulling. Mel cried out even louder, cursing in pleasure and arching completely off the bed as she came.

When she'd flopped back down, I released her breast and cast a glance down at Cyndi, who once again had her lips and chin glossy with the evidence of another lover's orgasm.

My sweet girlfriend had been so very generous, letting both me and Melanie come first. Now, it was her turn, and I was going to give her all the pleasure she deserved.

I pulled her up to lie beside Mel, who was still panting through the aftershocks of her orgasm. Kissing Cyndi, I could taste her friend's flavor and mine on her lips and tongue. I murmured what a sweetheart she was and how hot it had been watching her go down on her friend. "And that two-girl blowjob was the best ever." I toyed with her clit and slipped a finger into her slit. She was so slick I wanted to ram my cock deep into her tight channel. But I resisted. I'd planned to move between her legs and tongue her cunt, but Mel, apparently, had the same idea.

Rousing herself from her orgasmic stupor, Melanie crawled between Cyndi's legs, pushing them even wider apart. She kissed my girl's belly and smooched her way down her thighs. She traced the "V" of her fingers along the soft lips of Cyndi's pussy, but didn't touch her clit or explore between the folds. My poor girlfriend wiggled and moaned then finally begged, "Just do it already!"

Melanie's warm chuckle floated up, and she pressed a tender kiss on Cyndi's clit.

For several seconds, I watched Melanie's tongue lap over and in between the lips of my girlfriend's cunt. My erection was full and rigid again,

**"KISSING CYNDI,
I COULD TASTE
HER FRIEND'S
FLAVOR
AND MINE ON
HER LIPS."**





and I wanted to use it. I wanted the three of us to be connected together as Cyndi came.

I moved behind Melanie, who lifted her ass up in invitation. As she continued licking Cyndi's snatch, I parted her long legs wider and gazed at the puckered hole of her anus peeking out from between her cheeks. Then my fingers found the slippery entrance of her pussy. She was so wet and hot. I pushed my digits in and out several times, before taking hold of my hard dick and guiding it to her welcoming hole.

If Mel's pussy felt good wrapped around my fingers, it was absolute heaven surrounding my cock. I grabbed

her hips and thrust into her all the way, driving deep. Melanie's moan, muffled against Cyndi's muff, let me know she was enjoying what I was doing.

By now, Cyndi was letting out soft little gasps and mews as her hips beat against the mattress in an impatient rhythm. Mel's passionate moans grew deeper, throatier with a mouthful of pussy. I added my masculine groan to our chorus as I energetically pumped in and out of Melanie's red-hot cunt. Her inner muscles clenched around me, driving me insane.

Even though I'd already come once, not too long before, the vision of the two writhing women before me, and the excitement of doing it with my girl's best

friend, drove me over the edge quickly. My fingers dug into Mel's tensed buttocks, and I rammed into her faster and harder until another burst of ecstasy shook me. I froze and shuddered as I came, dimly hearing Cyndi cry out as she also tumbled into oblivion.

Mel was a beautiful connecting bridge linking us. I collapsed against her sweaty back and breathed in the intoxicating scent of a strange woman in our bed.

I was happy she'd decided to visit. I'd gladly listen to a book full of college memories for an experience such as this—anytime they want.

—J.L., via email



WILD THINGS

THESE TWO RANDY ROOMMATES SHARE
EVERYTHING—INCLUDING THEIR MEN!





“I LOVE WATCHING NATALIA GET
IT ON WITH A HOT GUY!”

—LYLITH











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LETTERS

▷ MY MOST UNFORGETTABLE LAY

HIGH NOTE

A DJ makes sweet music with a horny wedding guest.

Having once been a radio disc jockey, my second career as wedding DJ comes naturally to me. What doesn't come naturally, however, is resisting the advances of intoxicated bridesmaids just itching to get out of those frilly dresses. But I figured out three years ago when I first started this job that alcohol, bridesmaids and sex made for an awkward combination come morning. After that, um, learning experience, I've avoided that grouping at all costs.

I should have known better from the start. The bridesmaids are by definition close in their relationships with the bride, and friends talk. The last thing I want professionally is a reputation as "great with the music as long as you don't mind your friends defiled afterward." Now there's a *killer* reference. But guests going solo are another story.

As wedding receptions go, the one I worked last week was relatively small—only about 75 people in a large but cozy conference room in a hotel. The newlyweds were in their late 30s—a second marriage for both of them. The age of the bridesmaids corresponded with the wedding couple, which made me breathe a sigh of relief because there was a good chance they were already coupled up. Married women with husbands and children in the crowd weren't very likely to go after the 27-year-old DJ, no matter how attractive he was considered.

After I'd introduced the bridal party, I played some easy-listening music during the sit-down dinner. When the meal was over and the dishes were being cleared, I began playing the mixture of oldies and contemporary

tunes that had made my work so popular. It wasn't until I played the first slow song, however, that I noticed one single guest sitting by herself.

While most of the crowd was dancing, this woman was alone at a table. She was stunning in her short burgundy dress. Her black tresses were twisted into a knot at the nape of her neck. The darkness of her hair made the creamy paleness of her skin seem more intense, and the rich color of her

**"SHE BEGAN
RIDING ME. EACH
MOTION BROUGHT
ME ONE STEP
CLOSER TO
THE EDGE."**

dress made the swells of her breasts above the material stand out even more. Her deep red gloss made her full lips startlingly notable on her already striking face. I couldn't help but imagine that lipstick smeared on my cock as she slid her mouth up and down my shaft. My dick immediately swelled at that untoward thought. Since I was working, I did my best to push those mental images away, but to no avail.

I'm not one to brag, but with my thick, wavy hair, strong chin and well-developed build, I'm usually fighting off the attention of the ladies, not mooning over them. But I couldn't keep my eyes off this woman, yet she

appeared oblivious to the fact that I existed, even though I was the one on the microphone. She had angled her chair in my direction, so she could see the dance floor more easily. Or so it seemed.

As she watched the couples move to the beat, she sipped her mixed drink and swayed slightly to the music. When the song ended, my dick was so hard I just about forgot to start another track. Thank goodness for computers and being able to cue up a song with the simple press of a key. In the days of actually jockeying discs I would have never recovered in time.

My hasty selection was a long dance mix of a popular '80s song. Part of me hoped the beautiful mystery woman would dance so I could witness those luscious breasts bob. Another part prayed she'd stay put, so I wouldn't have to endure the torture of watching that beautiful body in motion. As the younger members of the crowd rose to dance to the familiar tune, she stayed seated. But by that point, my dick had begun to ache, and the fact that she sat there for the next three songs with her shapely bare legs crossed, a small smile playing at the corners of her lips, gave no relief to my state of arousal.

Even though I was almost completely distracted, I managed to notice most of the guests had consumed enough alcohol that I could play the "Electric Slide." It was a rare individual who didn't dance to that tune, especially when booze was involved. But as the song started, and the rest of the crowd flocked to the floor, my mystery lady remained seated. I would have been disappointed had this not given me the opportunity to study her without being noticed. And study her I did—especially

when she uncrossed and crossed her legs.

She was close enough and did the action slowly enough that I couldn't help noticing there was nothing under that burgundy dress—nothing except a shaved pussy. If my dick was aching before, it was positively screaming now. And though the room was filled with talking and laughter, I was oblivious to everything except her.

She stood and turned her chair so its back was to the dance floor, and with the slightest of glances in my direction, she sat down. I had a view of her profile—one high cheekbone, one full breast, one slim thigh—but I knew exactly what she was doing when she uncrossed her legs and slid a hand down her chest, over her dress and let it rest on her knee. She licked her lips as she slid that hand between her legs, and her lips parted in what looked like a sigh when her hand had obviously reached its destination.

I glanced around. Almost everyone was on the dance floor, and those who weren't sat watching the slightly inebriated trying to do the simple routine. The kitchen staff had long since cleared the tables. It was only us, and that knowledge had my cock pulsing furiously in my pants.

Her breasts rose and fell as her hand caressed the inside of her thigh, moved out of sight under her dress, then appeared again only to rise toward her glossy lips. I imagined those delicate digits were drenched in her sweet pussy juices. She licked each finger slowly, deliberately, and my breathing quickened.

I'd never wanted to eat a woman out more than I did at that moment.

With the slightest smile on her face, she turned her chair so her legs were entirely hidden beneath the table linens. Then she clasped her hands primly in front of her. It took me a moment



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▷ MY MOST UNFORGETTABLE LAY



to realize the song had ended, and I shuffled to find another before anyone noticed my distraction.

I cued up “YMCA,” another favorite that usually makes everyone get up and dance—but not my lady. She maintained her position while the guests continued to boogie on the floor. She watched the spectacle and laughed a little. I began to wonder if her earlier display had been for my benefit and if she’d already forgotten about me. But the throbbing in my pants must’ve caused my impatience because she briefly glanced my way once more, though she quickly turned her head back toward the guests.

At first, she seemed to only be playing with her earring. Then, her fingers inched lower, caressed her jaw and stroked her throat before tracing the low-cut scoop of her neckline. Anyone looking would have likely thought her flush might have been caused by the drink in front of her. But I knew better.

The path of her fingers is exactly the one my mouth would have chosen, had it the chance. Her knuckles barely brushed her breast as her hand worked its way lower.

Now, that was something I’d have done differently. My lips would have

**“I GRABBED HER
HIPS AND DROVE
UPWARD,
JAMMING MY
DICK DEEPER
INSIDE HER.”**

been inclined to linger there—to tease her nipple. Bite, lick and suck until she screamed for mercy. But my wishful thinking was interrupted by her very real actions as her hand once again slid out of sight. I could only imagine what feats her fingers were performing under the table as she shifted in her seat. Luckily, I had an excellent imagination.

In my mind, her hand inched its way toward her naked slit. My heart pounded in time with the pulsing in my cock. I fantasized about her easing one, then two fingers into her cunt, fucking herself slowly. Sliding her fingers out and moving them around her swollen lips before finally reaching her clit. It

was a vision of ecstasy.

I’d always prided myself on my staying power, so I was shocked when I damn near came in my pants. From a daydream during a gig, no less. And to top it off, the song had ended—who knows when—and guests were beginning to shoot me puzzled glances.

I spoke a few hasty, distracted words into the mic, then put on a slow number. When I looked up again, I was surprised to find the mystery lady walking toward me. I had no clue what to say to her. It turned out there was no need.

She held out her hand, offering me a scrap of paper. Then she leaned forward to say, “Play something sexy for me.”

After she’d stepped away, I looked at the note in my hand. Room 312, it read.

The remainder of the reception took an incredibly long time. After the party was finally over, and I’d loaded my equipment into my van, I began to have a few doubts. True, she wasn’t bridesmaid, and I’d only seen her sip one mixed drink the entire evening. And there was no ring on her finger. But even if my rock-hard dick wasn’t threatening to burst out of my pants, I couldn’t forget the fact that I didn’t even know this woman’s name.

I stood in the hotel parking lot debating what to do. But then I remembered her sweet tits nearly falling out of her dress, and suddenly names didn’t matter anymore.

I needed to taste that juicy cunt for myself, then slam my cock into her. I wanted to give my mystery lady the fuck of a lifetime.

All of my doubts disappeared, and I headed toward room 312, hoping it wasn’t too late.

When I reached her door, I knocked lightly. No answer, and as I poised to knock again, the door opened. The sight before me almost rendered me speechless. She’d changed from her burgundy dress into a long white silk robe. Her black hair fell in thick waves



over the pale material, and the tips of her ripe tits were clearly visible through the semi-sheer garment.

"I didn't think you'd come," she said.

Oh, I'm going to come, all right, I thought as I stepped toward her. And so would she. Numerous times.

I kissed her deeply, our tongues sometimes dancing, sometimes battling. I slid my hands along her silk-clad sides, feeling the give of her creamy flesh through the fine fabric. I reached for her tits and ran my palms over her nipples. When she sighed lightly into my mouth, I squeezed her hard nips between my thumbs and forefingers. She moaned, and as if her knees couldn't support

her, she collapsed against my chest. I embraced her, but I needed to feel her hot flesh, to taste her skin. I slid my hand into the slit in the front of her robe, immensely enjoying the little moans she released. Then I had one of her tits in my hand, and she whimpered. It was so sweet to finally be the one in control, after she'd frozen me with her little show at the reception.

"You know," I said at her ear as I kneaded her breast, "I'm going to make you pay for what you did to me down there."

"What did I do?" she managed to whisper. I could hear the humor in her voice, as she tried to feign innocence.

"You almost made me come in my pants."

"I can do one better than that, now that we have some privacy."

Her hand snaked down my chest and squeezed my hard cock. I nearly lost it right there, but I managed to hold on.

I grabbed her hands and pinned her slim wrists behind her, holding them fast.

"Ladies first," I whispered.

Letting go of her hands, I parted her robe to completely bare her beautiful tits. They were perfect—full and firm, topped with large dusky nipples. I licked circles around one areola before I finally captured a pebbled nub between my

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▷ MY MOST UNFORGETTABLE LAY



**“WHEN I COULD
HOLD BACK
NO LONGER,
I EMPTIED MY
COME INTO
HER CUNT.”**

teeth and bit it lightly. She moaned and ground her hips against me. I gave ample attention to that nipple, biting and sucking until she was a writhing and sighing mess. I gave the same attention to the other tit before I led her to the king-size bed. After I slid the robe from her shoulders and saw her entirely nude, I was amazed to find her pussy wasn't shaved as clean as I'd thought. It was instead dusted with blonde hair. I looked at the black waves falling over her shoulders, and she smiled.

“Black dye. I like the shock effect when guys see the real thing.”

I liked it, too, and to show her how much, I pushed her down on the bed and got between her legs. I kissed up and down her thighs, reveling in her musky scent. My cock twitched in my pants. I was dying to get inside her, but first I needed to taste her. I licked her nether lips and pulled each between my teeth in turn before I lapped at her slit. Before long, her juices were really flowing, and she thrust against my face wildly.

“Please,” she begged.

I responded by flicking her engorged nub lightly with my tongue, and she

cried out, thrusting her cunt toward my face. I continued my assault on her clit until she began panting a string of obscenities.

With one loud, “fuck,” she came apart at the seams. Her cunt quivered, and her entire body trembled. Her pussy was absolutely drenched with her nectar, and I was the happiest man in the world. But I still wanted more.

As soon as her breathing returned to normal, she rose from the bed and pushed me down, making me take her place. She began undressing me, but when I tried to help, she slapped my hand away.

“I like unwrapping my own presents, thank you very much.”

I was happy to comply with her wishes and allowed her to start pulling down my pants and briefs, which let my huge dick spring free.

The look on her face was priceless when she took in the sight of my girth. It was probably something like the look on my face when I discovered her true hair color.

My pants were still around my knees when she bent down and took my cock between her parted lips. I was about to

protest; I wanted so badly to fuck her. But her warm, wet mouth felt so good. She was a master cocksucker. She took my dick deep into her throat a few times, before pulling her mouth away and licking up and down the sides of my shaft. It felt amazing, but she was holding back. It was obvious she didn't want me to come like that either. She needed to fuck.

After yanking off my pants entirely, she spread my legs and gently tongued my nutsac. She even inched her way lower and licked the bridge of flesh between my balls and asshole. I moaned and felt her chuckle as her tongue reached my tight pucker.

“Oh, yeah,” I groaned when the tip of her tongue tickled my backdoor.

My dick was pulsing impatiently. She slid her supple body atop mine and smiled as she held my dick at her entrance. She was hovering over me, her body so close I could almost feel the heat from her cunt.

“Is this the moment you've been waiting for?” she asked. “Your hard cock about to slide into my hot, wet pussy?”

I nodded, so aroused I couldn't speak, and watched her impale herself on my dick. She felt incredible—a tight, made-to-fit sheath. Then she began riding me, moving slowly at first. Each motion brought me one

step closer to the edge. She appeared to be watching my face, studying me and altering her pace based on my expression and reactions.

When I let out a deep, guttural moan, she began riding me more vigorously. Her hair fell in front of her face, the silky black curtain hiding her features. I grabbed her fleshy hips and drove my body upward, jamming my dick deeper inside her. Our bodies collided repeatedly in a perfect rhythm as we enjoyed our private erotic dance.

Finally, when I could hold back no longer, I let go and emptied my come into her quivering cunt. It felt like the most intense orgasm of my life and left me feeling spent but satisfied. We collapsed together on the bed.

After a short rest, she poured us drinks from the mini-bar and we kept the conversation light and general. I still didn't get her name. And after fucking again—this time slowly and intimately—we fell asleep.

I woke up the next morning a little worried about what would happen after our dalliance. This woman could have been the bride's sister for all I knew, but my worries were in vain. As I was dressing to leave, she pulled my business card from the night table. She smiled as she said, "I hope you don't mind, Kevin, but I got your card from the groom. He's my boss. I'm planning a party and asked him about his wedding DJ. I'm Stephanie, by the way."

She reached out her hand, and I kissed it.

"Very, very nice to meet you Stephanie."

"The pleasure was all mine," she said softly.

"Well, not *all* yours."

She waved my card and said, "I enjoyed your work. I'll call you soon."

On my way out the door, I replied, "Baby, you can call me anytime."

-K.C., via email



THE OLD HAUNT

When I looked out my dorm room window, I saw a spectral shape wafting over the empty quad. An automatic

jolt went through me, then I laughed out loud. Holy shit! Arlene was really doing it.

As if she'd heard me down there, the figure wearing the pastel bedsheet twirled in a circle. The edges of the covering lifted with the spin, and I saw bare calves, then bare thighs, then the sweet promise of Arlene's shaved pussy. Instantly, my cock sprang into ready hardness.

I'd been hot for Arlene for months. But I'd been studying like a son of a bitch, trying to keep my grades up so my folks wouldn't yank me out college. It was why I was still there during spring break, when the campus just about emptied out, leaving only a small group of misfits and loners. The place was like a ghost town as everybody lit out for

beaches and other exotic getaways.

Not me. I was beating my head against these books. It hadn't left much time for socializing or romance. Arlene was a gorgeous girl with a wicked wit, but she liked elaborate games, toying with guys until they went half out of their minds. But I hadn't had time to play with her.

It was too bad for me. I had a suspicion she really liked me back, but she had to keep up appearances. She'd told me how the school turned into a ghost town every spring break. Since she wasn't going anywhere either, she had told me in her cryptic way, "I'm gonna haunt the campus, Craig. If you're around you might see yourself a sexy ghost!"

I hadn't known what that meant. Now I did. I jumped up and pressed myself to the window. I watched Arlene dance about below in nothing but that bedsheet, getting enticing glimpses of her smoking body beneath it.

She put out her hand and waved at me, in a come-here gesture. That lifted the sheet high enough to give me a peek

at her luscious tits. My cock throbbed painfully in my jeans.

Arlene's message was clear. I should join her—but I would have to totally commit to this crazy thing she was doing. Deep down, I knew that. She was that kind of girl. Crazy, but in a really fun way.

For five full seconds I froze. It felt like one of life's momentous decisions. Do something brave and crazy, or play it safe and possibly regret it forever.

I've never been one for regrets.

I flung off my clothes and grabbed a sheet off my bed. It was kinda threadbare, so it was sheer enough to see through once it was over my head, which made it perfect for this insane stunt.

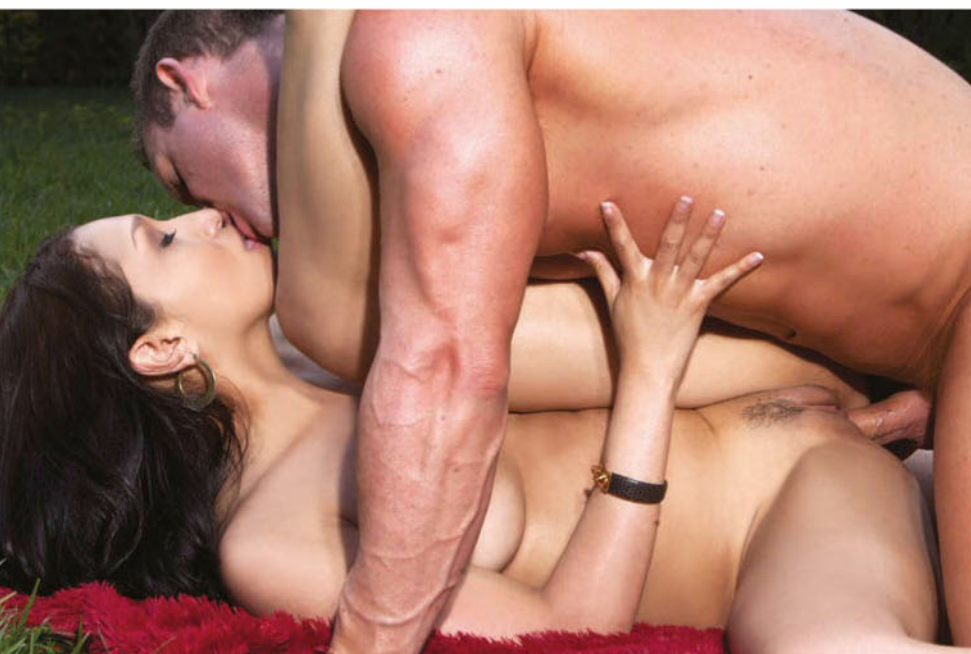
I scurried out and down the stairs. The night air was warm as I stepped out into it.

Upon seeing me, Arlene jumped up and down with happiness, which gave me another look at her pussy as the sheet flew about her petite body. She made a loud ghostly "woooooo" sound and ran off over the grassy quad. I caught a glimpse of her naked ass and went hurrying after her.

I felt the grass under my bare feet. My own bedsheet was fluttering behind me, probably exposing my butt to anybody who happened to be around. The sense of exposure was intense. But there was a strange charge to it, like discovering a particular sex act for the first time.

I knew I should have felt foolish, but I was too turned on to care.

The night air kicked up into a soft breeze that further fluttered our costumes. I pursued Arlene across the grass. I made "woooooo" noises along with her, so that we both sounded like cartoon ghosts—or complete idiots, depending on the audience. Around us the mostly vacated dorms stood, just a few windows lit. What would one of those oddballs in there think if they looked outside and saw us?



I caught up to Arlene, and we ran in circles, frolicking like fools. I couldn't imagine doing something like this with anybody else. I reached for her hand, and after a few tries she let me take it. We spun together under the stars.

Panting, we finally came to a halt. Her sheet settled over her, and I saw the clear outline of her incredible body. Her tits pushed against the cotton, her hardened nipples visible. My bedsheet displayed my hard-on unmistakably. I stepped closer to her, hearing her heavy breathing as excitement tingled over every inch of me.

I was about to propose we go back to my room. My dorm mate was away, and we could fuck all night. Months of desire had built in me and reached a boiling point. I was as delirious with lust as all the other guys she had ever toyed with had been.

But Arlene was cooking up something else in her off-kilter mind. Standing there in the middle of the little field, she peeled the pastel sheet off herself. It drifted to the ground. She stood utterly nude before me—and anyone else who might be watching from their window.

I tried to say something again, which was stupid. Arlene plainly knew exactly what she was doing. But the words choked in my throat anyway, as I looked over the unbelievably beautiful sight of her.

Moonlight fell on her body. Her skin was creamy, her curves perfect. She liked swimming, and I could see how taut it made her figure. Her face was a soft oval, framed by her wavy hair. Her eyes lit with sexual mischief, and she grinned wickedly.

That grin was my cue, I realized. Summoning courage from I don't know where, I unceremoniously pulled my covering off. I'd been naked in a locker room in front of strangers, but I'd never been nude out in public. It was crazy! But it was also weirdly exciting.

Arlene looked me up and down, her



“SHE ROLLED ONTO HER BACK, AND I KISSED AND LICKED MY WAY DOWN HER BODY.”

eyes lingering on my stiff cock. She stepped up and boldly took hold of my rod, at the same time drawing me down to her lips for a deep kiss. My tongue tangled with hers, and my meat pulsed in her grip. I moaned into her mouth, wrapping my arms around her and crushing her tits against me.

We were naked under the night sky, surrounded by sparsely populated dorms. When we broke our kiss, I couldn't help but look at those windows. With a start, I actually saw a few silhouettes behind dimly lit glass. People were watching us!

I wanted to focus on our watchers, but Arlene was pumping my cock and demanded my attention. I reached down to grasp the glorious globes of her ass, squeezing the soft flesh and feeling a wild thrill. What we were doing wasn't just outrageous, it was illegal! Then again, campus security during spring break was as lax as everything else. Guards would only show up if

someone phoned for them, probably. And I couldn't imagine anyone snitching on us—at least not while they were being entertained.

Arlene drew me down onto the grass with her. If I hadn't realized beforehand, I knew then we weren't going back to my dorm. She wanted to fuck me—right there, out in the open, with strangers looking on.

It felt like way too late to back out. But I quickly realized I didn't want to do any such thing.

We rolled together on the springy grass, kissing and groping. I touched her sexy tits, tweaking her hard pink nipples. She caressed my balls and licked my throat. I moved my hand between her legs and traced her slick groove with my fingertips.

She squirmed with pleasure. My whole body felt alive, every nerve ending humming with white-hot need. She rolled onto her back, and I kissed and licked my way down her body. She spread her thighs, and soon my mouth was hovering over her pussy.

Her lips glistened in the ghostly moonlight. I touched my tongue to her pussy flesh and trailed it along her slit. She squealed and wrapped her legs around my neck. I pushed my tongue past her lips, getting a good taste of her musk.

She grabbed a handful of my hair and started jamming her pussy hard against my face. I went after her puffy clit, teasing the sweet bud. I licked it, sucked on it, even grazed it gently with my teeth. She grunted and humped

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▷ SOMEONE'S WATCHING



furiously against my mouth until she came with a shout.

I got a good demonstration of her toned swimmer's muscles as she deftly reversed our positions, flipping me neatly onto my back. She aggressively shouldered apart my legs and settled in place with her mouth above my cock.

When I felt the electric contact of her tongue on my cockhead, I cried out. Her lips sealed themselves over my crown, then her head dropped. I watched her mouth descend on my shaft, sucking me down in one uninterrupted plummet. I felt her throat muscles close around me, and pleasure burned in my brain.

As she adopted a perfect cocksucking rhythm, my gaze wandered around us. I suddenly remembered—how could I have forgotten?—that we were on display. I looked around at the windows, each one a view onto our crazy sexual scene. I wondered how many were enjoying our show.

Arlene's mouth raced up and down my straining cock. My hips jerked, and I drove my staff upward. She met my thrusts fearlessly, swallowing me whole every time.

Damn, her cocksucking game was tight. Without warning, Arlene broke away,

“I JERKED MY SLICK COCK, AND THEN I WAS UNLOADING HUGE GOBS OF COME.”

rising to her knees and spinning around to face away from me. I thought for a horrible second that security had shown up. But when she looked back over her shoulder at me, smiling, I knew what she wanted.

Fuck! I wanted it, too!

I moved behind her and slipped my cock into her pussy from behind. Her slick, silky cunt gripped me tight. I gripped her ass, planted my knees in the grass and started to stroke into her.

Her body rippled with each jolt of my body as I slammed into her. Her hair flew as she flung her head. She bucked back against me, timing her motions just right,

so she took me as deeply as she could with each stroke.

I thought about the anonymous eyes watching our carnal spectacle. Those half-seen presences added to the already amazing thrill of the moment. I fucked Arlene hard, pounding her pussy.

Her entire body shivered as pleasure thrilled her. I was just seconds away from my own thunderous climax, and I'd intended to jet my spunk deep into her lovely hole. But Arlene had truly thought this adventure through and had a different plan on tap. She pulled away from me and spun around yet again, kneeling before me. Sweat shone on her heaving tits, and her bright eyes sparkled with sexual madness.

“Give them the money shot, Craig!” she cried.

I jumped up. I jerked my slick cock two or three times, and then I was unloading huge gobs of come all over her face and tits, feeling both exhausted and rapturous all at once.

Afterward, we gathered up our crumpled sheets and split. No one ever did call campus security.

—C.O., via email

📍 WILD RIDE

After an extended happy hour, my fuck buddy Justin and I fell into the back of the cab, laughing and kissing and clawing at one another's clothes. I barely understood Justin as he rattled off his address to the driver. He lived a good 20-minute ride from our current location.

Could I wait that long to screw him?

I settled into my seat, determined to curb my desires and find the patience I'd need to keep my hands to myself for the rest of the ride.

Of course, I knew that didn't mean Justin wouldn't try to tempt me. The

minute I pulled away from him, his fingers found the edge of my skirt and toyed with the hem. He rolled the material between his fingers, making the fabric bunch and slide higher up my thighs. It didn't take long for him to push the skirt so high my legs were completely exposed. Only a whisper of fabric remained, keeping my panties from view.

I tried to ignore Justin's advances, content to save all of the maddening tension building in my body for later when we were alone. But then his fingers slid over my underwear and grazed my slit, sending any self-control I had left flying out the window.

Right at that moment, we hit a major wall of traffic. I stole a glance toward the front of the cab in time to catch our driver flipping off another car that had just cut us off. He was obviously distracted, giving me the courage I needed to surrender completely to Justin's advances.

I spread my legs wider, allowing my thighs to fall open as far as the cramped backseat would allow. My black lace panties were completely visible. The hem of my skirt was bunched up near the top of my hips.

Then Justin's fingers slipped beneath the fabric and pushed it to the side, exposing my pussy, which was already wet. He spread my juices over my swollen cunt lips, his fingers sliding easily with the aid of my slippery sauce.

Pursing my lips, I swallowed a moan. My eyes fluttered closed, and I let my body go limp, sinking deeper into the seat. The change in position caused Justin's fingers to slip from my pussy lips to my clit, sending a jolt of pleasure through my body.

This time I couldn't stifle my moan. The strangled gasp escaped right as the car stopped short, sending Justin and I both skidding on the leather seat.

Justin chuckled and lifted my body onto his lap, kissing and nuzzling my neck—and not caring at all about the

driver. During the maneuver, the crotch of my undergarment shifted back into place. While his mouth attended to my neck, Justin's fingers traced little circles over the front of my soaked panties, making my nerves go haywire. My moist underwear clung to my pussy lips, intensifying every stroke of his fingers. My body hummed with sexual excitement, torn between rushing toward release and savoring a leisurely journey to climax. Fortunately, Justin's fingers snuck back beneath my undies, making the decision for me.

Justin slid his digits along my slit before plunging a finger into my hole, shoving it in and out of me until I saw stars. Try as I might, there was no way that I could hold back the groan that rumbled through my chest. If the driver hadn't been aware of what we were up to before, by that point he knew for sure! Forcing my eyes open, I looked at the rearview mirror. Our driver met my gaze in the reflection.

I couldn't look away. Knowing he was

watching made me extra horny. I really wanted to put on a show for the man.

I wiggled off Justin's lap and worked open his zipper as quickly as I could. I knew I had a limited amount of time before we'd have to get out of the car. I slipped my hand inside Justin's pants and ran my fingers over the swelling bulge that strained his boxer briefs.

To give me a hand, Justin popped the button on his pants to part the material and ease my exploration. His dick seemed hard enough to burst.

Glancing back at the driver first to make certain he was watching—he was—I slipped my hand inside the flap of Justin's underwear and wrapped my fingers around his pulsing erection. His skin felt like heated silk beneath my fingertips.

Justin's hips hitched, pumping his throbbing dick up into my fist. Getting him all worked up was fun, but our adventure was only beginning. I drew in a fortifying breath before catching our driver's eye in the rearview mirror again.



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▷ SOMEONE'S WATCHING

The man's gaze narrowed, but his eyes sparkled, his arousal evident to me.

Knowing that my actions were entertaining not just one man, but two, elevated my passion to previously unexplored heights. I didn't just want Justin to enjoy my mouth moving over his cock, I wanted our friendly neighborhood cabdriver to enjoy what I was doing, as well.

Ready to entertain them both, I pulled Justin's dick from his boxer briefs as traffic caused the car to slow down once more. I flicked my tongue over the head to start, then blew a light puff of air over the saliva-slickened flesh. Justin hissed and lifted his hips off the seat.

I trailed the tip of my tongue from base to tip, ending my little exploration by circling the head. Then I sucked him into my mouth, not pausing until I felt the tip of his dick touch the very back of my throat.

Justin's cock is pretty large, and since there were quite a few inches of him that couldn't fit in my mouth, I wrapped my fingers around the base and pumped. As my mouth lavished

his cockhead with attention, I used my hand to stroke his shaft. The salty taste of Justin's pre-come filled my mouth and fed my hunger, inspiring me to suck him harder and faster.

Soon he was so out of control, he was driving deeper into my mouth. I unclenched my fist and released him, letting him do what he needed to do. I braced my hands against the seat on either side of his thighs, suspending myself over his lap, so he could thrust into me freely.

**"I WANTED OUR
FRIENDLY
NEIGHBORHOOD
CABDRIVER TO
ENJOY WHAT I
WAS DOING."**

Justin fondled my crotch before sliding his hand around to massage my clit through my panties. The unexpected contact made me moan, and the noise vibrated against his dick, making him growl. Justin's fingers fisted my hair as I relaxed my throat and took every inch of him.

I was really getting into it, when Justin surprised me by ending the blowjob before he shot down my throat. He lifted my head and pulled me back onto his lap. Seating me over him so I was facing forward, Justin yanked my panties aside and positioned me so he could slip the tip of his dick into my entrance.

Even as I wanted to close my eyes and surrender to the sensations reverberating through my body, I couldn't force myself to break eye contact with the driver. I wanted to see his every reaction, to know how much he liked watching a woman get fucked in the back of his cab.

I felt so sexy, like I was some sort of peep show performer. I'd never felt so exposed—or turned on.

I slid my hands up my torso and cupped my breasts. They felt heavy in my hands, their flesh sensitive to every stroke of my fingertips, even through my dress and bra. A quick tweak of my nipples caused my pussy to contract, gripping Justin's dick so tightly he groaned against the back of my neck.

Barely audible above our panting, I heard the driver muttering obscenities.

I did, too, as Justin thrust upward, forcing his dick deeper into my cunt.

Then our driver sailed over a speed bump. The car landed with such a jolt that Justin's dick slammed into me to the hilt. Eye contact be damned—by that point all I could see was stars.

Justin whispered in my ear, "We're so close now."

I didn't know if he meant close to coming or to his apartment. Maybe both.

Then Justin pressed his fingers to my clit. Between his fingers massaging



my button and his rock-solid cock hammering my pussy, my body was primed to explode.

Justin came with a grunt and a thrust, his hot come shooting into me. The sounds of his satisfaction stroked my ego and stoked my libido. By the time the cab rolled to a stop at the curb, I was quaking from the force of my own release.

Taking a moment to catch my breath, I crawled off of Justin's lap. As we tumbled out onto the street, I tucked a wad of cash into the slot in the cab's plexiglass divider, giving him a generous tip. The driver offered us a nod of thanks before he sped off.

Then I followed Justin inside for round two.

—S.B., via email

ENCORE

Duane was licking me like he had all the time in the world, and he was driving me crazy. I bucked my hips impatiently, but that didn't speed him up any. To the contrary, he slipped his hands around my raised legs to grip my hips, and then his tongue began to move even more slowly.

"I'm never going to come that way," I hissed. "I'll just go insane."

"Hmm?" he hummed in reply but otherwise ignored me. The noise rumbled through my pelvis. His tongue revolved around my clit in intoxicating swirls. I clutched the bedsheets and bumped my hips upward again.

"I could slow down even more if you'd like," he mumbled lazily, before blowing a hot breath on my clitoris.

I groaned and tossed my head, thinking for a split second I saw someone in the doorway. But his roommate, Mickey, was supposed to be away for the night. No one could

possibly be there but us. Right?

Duane regained my attention by pushing a finger into my cunt and finally speeding up his teasing tongue. I grabbed his head and began chanting, "Like that. Like that..."

I came with a growl, and he gave me a look that seemed to say: "See, I got you there." My pussy flickered and clutched at his thrusting finger. I wanted his cock in me.

"Flip me over, fuck me! Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me!" I demanded as I giggled. We usually had to watch our volume because of the roommate situation. But that night I was being as loud as I wanted because we thought we were alone. We'd even left the door open!

"Has anyone ever told you you're pushy?" Duane asked with a sly smile as he obliged and flipped me onto my tummy before pulling me up onto my hands and knees.

He held my hips and slid his cock into me slowly, making sure I felt every inch of him stretching my pussy and filling me up.

I opened my eyes, and that's when I saw I hadn't been wrong before. Mickey was standing in the shadows in the hallway. I hadn't heard him approach because we'd left the TV running in the living room, and the canned laughter from the sitcom had covered the noise of his approach.

I was pretty sure he didn't think I could see him. I knew that much because he had his hard dick in his hand and was jerking it wildly as Duane finished pushing himself into me. What a sight!

I played like I was unaware. Excitement curled through me knowing we had a watcher. I couldn't tell Duane. Not yet.

Duane held my hips tight and fucked me hard, rocking me with every thrust. My hair fell in my face, but even through the blonde strands I could see Mickey staring and masturbating. Our own personal pervert. Um, I mean, audience.

I came when Duane reached under me and dragged his fingertip over my swollen clit. I was so wet, it made him crazy. When he came inside me, I climaxed again. Mostly because I heard Mickey groan softly out there in the hall as he shot off into his cupped palm. It was so wicked and wrong—and thrilling.

Mickey immediately hurried away as I flopped onto my back.

"Mickey's home," I announced.

"What?!"

I nodded to the door, and Duane got up and pushed it shut, locking it in a rush.

"He was watching us."

"Jesus. I'm sorry. I'm gonna kick his a—"

I held my hand up and motioned him closer. He sank down next to me, and I could smell us on his skin.

"I liked it. I mean..." I took a deep breath. "I really liked it. I want to do it again. On purpose."

He grinned at me. "Have I ever told you I love your kinky ass?"

"Try to set it up, and see what happens."

He saluted me. "Yes, ma'am!"

A few nights later, Duane came in with a bottle of wine and a big smile. I'd been camped out on their sofa going over some spreadsheets while I waited



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▷ SOMEONE'S WATCHING

for my man to come home.

"Here's the deal. He's going out tonight for a while. I told him I wanted to know when because I planned on making you scream my name, many, many times, and he got this look."

Duane wiggled the bottle of wine along with his eyebrows.

"Like he might sneak back hoping to catch an encore?"

"Exactly," Duane looked at his watch before he uncorked the wine. "He said he had an eight o'clock date. I'm guessing he'd be back here by about 10."

I glanced at the clock. It was already 9:30. I smiled even as I felt my pussy go liquid with excitement and anticipation.

"Enough time for a little wine and a lot foreplay."

"Great minds think alike," Duane said, handing me a glass.

We'd just gone into Duane's room, having left the door conveniently open, and had started making out when we heard a furtive noise. It was the front door being opened with great care by Mickey, doubtlessly in hope that no one would hear him entering.

I shivered as my nipples turned to small pebbles from the adrenaline rush.

Duane's eyes looked dark, his pupils dilated. He rubbed his chest against my hardened nipples and kissed my neck. He pushed his hand between my thighs and slid two thick fingers inside my pussy. I groaned and raised my hips to give him better access. He jammed his fingers inside me, and my pleasure grew. His thumb found my clit, and he stroked me repeatedly, pushing me closer and closer to orgasm.

I heard a hitch of breath that wasn't mine or Duane's. I knew we had hooked our voyeur, and my arousal soared. I put my hands on Duane's head and pushed until he took the hint and kissed a path from my mouth to my nipples. He paused there to bite and nip at me until I bucked wildly—conscious I was putting on a show. I pushed again, and he slid his tongue lower, over my navel and lower still, until his mouth had latched onto my pussy. He covered my mound, and then nudged my clitoris with his tongue ever so subtly.

"Jesus Christ, Duane!" I snarled,

bucking forcefully against him.

But he wasn't done teasing me. He bit my tender flesh gently and repeatedly, delivering teasing nips until my whole body seemed to throb. Then he pushed his hands beneath my ass and proceeded to eat me like I was the most delicious meal.

Duane knew my body well enough to keep me on the very verge of coming. I could hear the faint whispering sounds of Mickey in the shadows—no doubt jerking off. I pictured it in my mind, squeezed my internal muscles, and despite Duane gentling his tongue to keep me hovering on the brink, I came.

I grabbed fistfuls of his hair and yanked as a small payback for torturing me. His fingers kept plunging into me as the final spasms hit.

I pushed him away and got up on my hands and knees, angling myself on the bed to give our watcher the best possibly view. My secret goal was that he climax hard enough for me to hear him—despite his attempts to stifle himself.

I don't think Duane was thinking about Mickey at all. He was thinking about burying himself in me, balls-deep. My cunt was drenched, and I was turned on beyond belief. I pushed my ass back toward him, egging him on and trying to get him to hurry up and put his dick in me.

"Fuck me," I demanded.

He chuckled, pushing his fingers back inside me. "So demanding..."

I clenched my cunt around his fingers, and he groaned.

"Now imagine how that would feel around your dick, big boy," I said coaxing him onward.

He relented, pulling away his fingers and moving closer to me to tease my gushing hole with his cockhead. He prodded me, entered a little and pulled back.

"Do it," I snarled loudly. My heart beat a crazy rhythm, and I risked a glance at



the doorway. I did it without moving my head. I could just make out the vigorous movement of a hand jerking a cock. "Stick it in me," I ordered Duane, knowing damn well the phrase would push him past his breaking point.

He made a deep sound and grabbed my hips hard. He wasn't being gentle anymore. He thrust into me fast and rough, almost pushing my face into the mattress. I braced myself with my arms and slammed my body back to take his. The sound of our bodies colliding was so loud I could barely hear Mickey, but when I strained, I could capture the secretive, whispery sound of him beating his meat.

I sighed, loving the sensation of being watched. Of feeling his eyes on us. Of experiencing the humming energy of a third person nearby as we fucked.

Duane dug his fingertips into my skin as he grew even more excited, and I gasped loudly. My pussy was flowing like a river. I was so wet I could hear his every entry, each squishy thrust.

Every time he jammed into me, he hit me just right. I loved it. But instead of focusing on the feeling, I closed my eyes and listened for Mickey.

The moment became too much for me, and I lost it. I came so hard and loud, I started laughing as my climax waned.

But Duane wasn't laughing. He pulled out of me abruptly, pinching my nipples.

"On the floor—on your knees," he ordered.

I nodded, nearly forgetting Mickey out in the hall. But I remembered him when Duane put his hands on my shoulders and pushed downward.

I went easily and eagerly, kneeling there and putting my arms behind my back to keep my hands out of the way. I opened my mouth and let him trace my lips with his slick cockhead. He pushed himself slowly into my mouth, holding my hair in his fist and advancing slowly until my lips reached the base of his cock. He filled my throat, and I was forced to suck



**"I SUCKED AND
LET HIM FILL MY
THROAT AND
TRUSTED HIM
NOT TO GAG ME
TOO MUCH."**

air in through my nose.

I heard a faint groan from the hallway, where Mickey was losing his battle to stay silent.

I sucked and let Duane control me. I let him fill my throat and trusted him not to gag me too much. He drove into my mouth faster, his face a mask of concentration as he tried to hold off his orgasm. When he pulled out just to

plunge back in, I whimpered softly and he groaned, plunging deeply. He came, holding my head and spilling come over my tongue. As he pulled free, he glazed my lips, too.

I licked my lips clean, looking up at him. From the hall, we heard a fast intake of air and then the sound of feet padding on the floor as Mickey retreated.

Duane winked at me. "How do you think our encore was?" he whispered.

"I, for one, enjoyed it," I said, laughing softly.

—B.S., Des Moines, Iowa

Seeing is believing. When you spy the encounter you've been looking for, let us know about it. Or tell us about the time you had a rapt audience.

Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department SW, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

SWITCHEROO

Hanna, my wife, had a more intimate relationship with her friend Debbie than she let on, or so I'd always suspected. The two had gone to college together and had stayed in touch since, though they lived on opposite sides of the country. They talked on the phone, and they emailed—a lot. What I overheard of their communications almost sounded like code to me.

Had they been lovers in school? Hanna said no. Did I believe her? I wasn't sure. We'd been married more than a year, and I loved my wife...but Debbie was a kind of question mark hovering over Hanna's past for me.

I'd thought maybe all would be revealed on an upcoming weekend. Debbie and her husband, Burt, were flying in to spend time with us.

I'd already met Debbie, an extremely attractive woman. Physically, she was very similar to Hanna. They were both fit and slim, and even had the same lush hair. Debbie's husband, Burt, was new to me though. When they arrived at the house, I sized him up. He was my height and build, friendly and well spoken.

Hanna and Debbie were obviously ecstatic to see one another again. They hugged over and over, talking a mile a minute, and only occasionally remembered that Burt and I were present. We got the visitors installed in the guest room, and then we all went out to eat.

At the restaurant the two women included us in their dialogue. I talked some about my job in finance, and Burt spoke about his profession. I could see that Burt and his wife were genuinely in love, which made me feel a bit guilty that I kept stealing looks at Debbie. She wore a silk top that outlined her luscious-looking breasts, and I wondered what it



would be like to nuzzle her neck and kiss my way down, till her legs spread and I could lick her wet pussy.

I kicked myself mentally as Hanna and Debbie launched into tales from their college days. They were pretty uproarious, though I'd heard a few before. They were the sorts of shenanigans they couldn't believe they'd participated in, even to this day. I had met Hanna just after she graduated. I learned that Burt hadn't known Debbie during college, either.

We had wine with our meal, and maybe that loosened my tongue a tad. Suddenly, I heard myself ask, "So, Debbie, what kind of guys did Hanna date at school?"

There was a beat of silence at the table. Then Debbie said, "She dated the same kind of guys I did." She and Hanna traded a look and burst into laughter. Plainly, it was some inside joke.

I let it go. But Burt didn't and said, "Come on, you two. Debbie never really talks about her romantic past. So I'll ask Hanna the same question. What kind of guys was my wife into in school?"

Silence again, but it was a bit more tense this time. I could tell Burt was serious about wanting to know more. Again, the women looked at one another, as if telepathically communicating. Once more I wondered if they'd had an affair

back in the day. I would have been fine with that, but I just wanted some answers.

"Well..." Hanna said.

"Well..." Debbie added.

"Well?" Burt and I asked sharply at the same time.

Hanna reached out and took my hand. Debbie took Burt's.

"Okay," my wife said. "Deb and I—not all the time, but more than once—dated the same men."

I almost snatched my hand back, as visions of a ménage à trois crashed through my head. Again, it was okay if she'd done it, but she should have told me! A sexual history of threeways wasn't something to keep from your spouse. Well, at least I thought so.

Hastily, Debbie added, "But it wasn't anything kinky."

"We weren't all in bed together," Hanna said, as if the idea were ludicrous. "Deb and I just had the same taste in men. And it gave us the chance to compare notes." They giggled again.

They'd successfully defused the tension. I turned to Burt, wondering how they'd compared us, and I caught him giving Hanna a sly looking-over. I chuckled to myself, glad to feel less guilty about eyeballing Debbie.

We went back to the house in good

“I PICKED UP MY TEMPO WITH THE TASTE OF HER SWEET PUSSY STILL ON MY TONGUE.”

spirits. Soon enough I was ready for bed. Burt, yawning, agreed. The women were going to stay up awhile, working on another bottle of wine.

“There was one wild thing Deb and I used to do,” Hanna admitted with a coy giggle. “The ol’ switcheroo!”

Debbie hushed her, then they burst into fresh howls of laughter.

I suggested they tell us about it tomorrow. I actually felt better, because I finally knew something about Hanna’s past and how Debbie fit into it. I trusted they wouldn’t engage in a lesbian frolic the minute we were out of the room.

Sleep came quickly. It must have been hours later that I was vaguely aware of Hanna getting into bed. My brain clocked her naked presence. There was a faint scent of strange perfume, but considering how much she and Debbie had been hugging it was no surprise.

She cozied up against me. My arms went automatically around her. I would have been content to hold her as she fell asleep, but already my body was moving into standby mode. My sexual instincts stirred because my wife was endlessly arousing to me.

She squirmed tighter against me in the dark bedroom. Her hand brushed my chest, and her full tits pressed against my ribs. I felt her smooth thigh slip over mine, and that awakened my cock.

I pulled her up onto me, caressing her



back and reaching down to squeeze the twin swells of her ass. She dropped her mouth on mine, and we kissed deeply. Her urgency surprised me. Her tongue was insistent and passionate. My cock was throbbingly hard at that point. Hanna’s thick hair spilled over my face as I moved to slot my staff up into her wet pussy.

Suddenly, she released an unfamiliar feminine giggle. The woman in my arms wasn’t Hanna! Shock jolted through me—Debbie was in bed with me!

“This is the ol’ switcheroo, Cole!”

I froze, but I noticed my cock didn’t wilt—and I was still clutching Debbie’s enticing body. This is what they must have done in college, I realized. One would sneak into bed with the other’s boyfriend, a playful sex game. Maybe the goal was to see if the guy would notice. Amazing!

That meant that right now my wife

was lying naked with Burt. I found I was okay with that—especially if I could be with Debbie. I pulled her into another kiss. She paused a second, then jammed her tongue back into my mouth. The heat of her skin on mine seemed to increase exponentially.

I drew her up my body until her knees were at my shoulders. I took hold of her hips and pulled her pussy toward my face. With a sigh she settled herself over my opened mouth. I dragged my tongue along her hairless cleft, getting my first taste of her.

When I speared her with my tongue tip, she pressed down harder on my face. I spread her lips, feeling her moisture spill over my chin. I homed in on her clit and licked the humming, little bud of joy until her hips started bucking. She humped my eager mouth, finally letting out a cry as she came.

She climbed off me. When I moved to

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sit up, she pushed me back down and shouldered herself decisively between my legs. She gripped my balls, sending sparkling pleasure up through me. I felt her hot breath on my swollen cockhead.

When her tongue made contact, it was my turn to cry out. Her wet mouth engulfed my knob. With a single forceful lunge, she swallowed me right down to my nutsac. If she had a gag reflex, I'd never had known it. She didn't even pause to say howdy. Just like that she was bobbing up and down, deep-throating me on each downstroke.

I stroked Debbie's shoulders as she continued to attend to my cock. The bliss was intense, and fireworks were lighting my vision behind my closed eyelids. She delivered such incredible pleasure, but I guided her off of me when I knew I just couldn't take anymore without spraying.

Debbie's head came up, and I heard her panting. Seizing the opportunity, I grabbed her and slowly maneuvered her up again to straddle my hips. She followed my lead and worked my cock into her pussy. As she lowered herself onto my shaft, I groaned, feeling her

cinching warmth. It was almost as if her slick interior sucked me inside her body.

She reached her hands behind herself and planted her palms on my thighs. Then Debbie began to ride me. I reached up to fondle her tits, tweaking her hard nipples. She moaned, and I grunted, as she pounded up and down. I loved feeling the hard, needy smack of her body against mine. I hoped Hanna was enjoying herself as much as I was.

My hips jerked, and I lifted my ass off the bed as I thrust up into her. I met her downward lunges with perfect timing. It was like we were familiar lovers already. Maybe Hanna had told her enough about me that she'd played this scene in her mind before crawling into my bed. Maybe this was the reason for the visit! Hanna and Debbie wanted to resume their old games—this time with the men they loved most in the world.

That lovely thought burned in my mind as Debbie's pussy tightened around my cock. She moaned with pleasure, shuddering as she came again.

I let her finish, then eased her off me. She lay on her back, and I moved my

body between her sweat-damp thighs. I pushed my cockhead past her soft pussy lips, and I felt the sweet grip of her. I jammed myself all the way in, penetrating to her core.

I wasn't so immature as to wonder how Burt and I compared cock-wise, but his wife sure didn't seem disappointed. I fucked her with gusto as her body rolled underneath mine. Her arms wrapped my neck, and her legs came up to cinch my waist.

I picked up my tempo with the taste of her sweet pussy still on my tongue. Her hips started moving again, bucking wildly beneath me. Her every movement answered each of my strokes. I wondered if any guys in their past had freaked out when they'd pulled this switcheroo stunt. I doubted it. I'd now fucked both women, and they were each a sexual delight.

In a way it was like I was fucking the college-age Hanna. Debbie had known my wife for those years, and I, at last, had access to that mysterious, wonderful time.

I hammered into Debbie. My balls started to clench, and my final crisis was approaching. There could be no holding it back. At that same instant, Debbie's pussy clutched tightly, and she squealed. I unloaded into her, every jet a jolt of pure joy.

Afterward, I wondered how many more times we would play switcheroo that weekend.

—C.T., Tampa, Florida

📌 PARTY FAVORS

Our latest swing party was our best ever. I just had to write in and tell *Penthouse Letters* about it. My wife, Sylvia, and I have been in the lifestyle since we first met at a swing club 10 years ago. She'd immediately caught my eye because she looks a bit like Bettie



Page, the old pinup. If she'd cultivated the look—the hair, the makeup, the everything—she could have made herself a dead ringer. When I first saw her, naked and on all fours, getting fucked by a beefy man from behind, I was in love.

Getting married didn't stop our swinging activities. We've moved around the country a few times, but we've always found the local action. We try to visit a club once a month. In our current city, we've met two incredible couples who have become our best friends, as well as our go-to swinging partners.

Ana and Jacinto are both fun and sexy—and can dance like nobody's business. Ana is an absolute dynamo in the bedroom and kinky, to boot. While Jacinto charms the pants off every woman he meets in no time flat.

The other couple is the beautiful strawberry-blond Mackenzie and her husband, Rick. They look like models, the kind you'd see in pictures that come with photo frames. Rick is a tall, strapping former athlete, and Mackenzie was a cheerleader when they met in high school. They had been married a while, and things got a little stale so they tried the lifestyle and got hooked.

Sylvia and I decided to have a private party at our house, just the six of us, for a more intimate evening. We started with dinner and drinks and had a great time socializing. There was a lot of footsie being played under the table at dinner. I felt something run up my leg and looked down to see Mackenzie's bare foot—her toenails painted a frosty pink—rubbing against my cock. I longed to suck those piggies, and I knew later on I would get a chance.

The great thing about the six of us is we get along as friends, even without the sex. Rick, Jacinto and I love sports, and the girls love swapping recipes—and we're all seriously into movies. But that night the only movies we watched were streamed from my stash of amateur swingers clips. Porn movies with professionals are good,



“MY COCK WAS READY, AND I GENTLY PUSHED IT PAST THE SNUG RING OF HER ANUS.”

but Sylvia and I really like seeing “real” people get down and dirty. We just find it hotter, and our friends agree.

After dessert, we retired to our media room. I cued up a flick on my laptop and set it to play on our giant flat-screen TV. We settled into the leather sofa sectional with someone other than our spouse—I was nestled against Mackenzie, Ana with Rick, and Sylvia with Jacinto. Everyone's hands were already getting busy. Mine was creeping underneath Mackenzie's short skirt while she was caressing my growing erection through my pants. As the movie wore on she took my cock out and was stroking it gently. I looked over at the others and found Ana had taken her top and bra off, so Rick was tweaking her nipples, and Sylvia was getting fingered by Jacinto.

Mackenzie took my cock into her mouth and sucked me slowly and sensuously. I was in seventh heaven, but I still managed to keep an eye on my wife as she shucked her clothes so Jacinto could go down on her. We made eye contact as we both received expert oral sex.

Rick brought Ana, who was now completely naked, to the corner of the room where Sylvia and I had set up a passion pit, complete with pillows, dildos and lots of lube. Ana dropped to her knees and took Rick's cock in her mouth.

I tapped Mackenzie on the shoulder and suggested we join them. She smiled, holding my cock against her lips. We stood and fully stripped down, joining the others on the floor. We settled into a very comfortable 69. It was fantastic to have Mackenzie's muff right in my face. I lapped at her pussy while she sucked on my balls.

Sylvia and Jacinto were the last to join us, but they did, completely and thrillingly nude. Sylvia was sucking Jacinto, who has the biggest cock of the three of us. Sylvia could barely get her mouth around it, but she was surely enjoying trying—and Jacinto looked pretty pleased, too.

In time, we gradually shifted positions and swapped partners. Ana moved from Rick to join Mackenzie, who was still working on my cock. Having those two women licking my prick at the same time was a great thing. Mackenzie was taking me down to the root while Ana tongued my balls.

In just a few moments of their exquisite work I was ready to come. I announced my impending explosion in no uncertain terms. Mackenzie, who loves to swallow come, didn't back off a bit. She took my large load without a problem. She even saved some in her mouth to share a gooey kiss with Ana. Meanwhile, Rick was jacking off while watching us, and when Mackenzie broke her sticky lip-lock with Ana, she approached her hubby.

Ana cuddled up next to me, idly playing

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with my dick while we watched Jacinto fuck Sylvia's tits. We cheered him on as he released jet after jet of cream, making her chest a sticky mess.

Watching the action—and Ana's stroking hand—made me hard again. She gave the tip of my rejuvenated cock a kiss and then mounted me. She rode me, and I bucked up into her hot cunt, and we quickly fell into a great rhythm. I could hear but could not see, Rick pounding Mackenzie from behind, his pelvis slapping against her ass. Sylvia came over to stroke my balls while Ana was humping me. I didn't know where Jacinto was until I got a glimpse of Mackenzie stuffed with cock from both ends—Rick doing her from behind, while Jacinto plunging his unflagging cock into her mouth.

Ana was the first girl to get off as she energetically rode my dick. She shuddered as I squeezed her nipples. I felt her cunt clenching and releasing my erection in a spasming rhythm. She slipped off and my beautiful wife replaced her, impaling herself on my rod. I decided I wanted to be on top so—without removing my cock from Sylvia's cunt—I

rolled her over onto her back.

Mackenzie then came very noisily, as Rick continued to hammer her. Jacinto knelt before her face, jerking his dick while she writhed and moaned. Mackenzie disengaged from her hubby and lay down near the men to catch her breath. I saw Rick's come dribbling out of her well-used snatch. He lay back, panting and sweaty, and it was Jacinto's chance to do some fucking when Ana opened her thighs and waved him over to her. He took one of her ankles in each hand and entered her

**“EVERYONE
LOVES SYLVIA'S
BOOBS—THEY'RE
JUST THE RIGHT
SIZE AND SHAPE.”**

with one emphatic thrust.

Mackenzie curled up on a pillow with Rick. She asked the room, “Who wants my ass tonight?”

Jacinto was too big for her; we already knew that. Sylvia and Ana were not anal sex enthusiasts, so Mackenzie was always a special treat for me and Rick. Just thinking about it made me fuck my wife harder, and I shot my second load of the night deep into her pussy.

Rick approached Jacinto and Ana, and Jacinto pulled away to offer his wife's cunt to his friend, who was soon fucking the woman doggy-style.

Mackenzie slid over to me and said, “If you can get it up again, you can take my ass.”

It was going to be tough, but she sucked me a little bit then turned around, got on her knees and spread her ass cheeks for my benefit. I zeroed in on her tight little asshole and licked it until it was slick. My cock was ready, and I gently pushed it past the snug ring of her anus. She groaned but encouraged me to fuck her deeper and harder. I complied.

From my angle, I could see what was going on all around me. Ana was now sucking off Rick, and when he came she watched his semen fountain into the air. Jacinto and Sylvia were kissing and groping each other. He positioned himself so he could suck on her tits. Everyone loves Sylvia's boobs—they're just the right size and shape for fondling, and her nipples are pink and puffy, perfect for sucking. She started playing with herself, and Jacinto did the gentlemanly thing and began finger-fucking her. Before long, Sylvia trembled in orgasm.

Mackenzie was rambling incoherently as I fucked her ass. I told her I was going to come again, and she just moaned. I shot my last volley of the evening into her ass, then collapsed. She lay there, still and panting, as I watched my pearly white jism ooze out of her anus.

The other guys and I were pretty spent—well, at least our cocks were. I



couldn't believe we'd managed as many orgasms as we'd had, especially since none of us are 19 anymore. But we were still eager to please, and our mouths and hands were still useful! I told Mackenzie I hadn't yet sucked on her toes, and she giggled as she lifted her feet to my mouth. As I sucked on each wiggling digit, Jacinto got between his wife's legs and lovingly ate her cunt. Rick took his turn at Sylvia's breasts, and she sighed blissfully as he suckled her.

One thing our girls have been exploring since we started this friendship is bisexuality. None of them had ever been with a woman before. Lesbian sex doesn't happen a lot at the swing parties we attend. So, to cap off the evening, the three wives got into a daisy chain as the guys watched. Sylvia was eating Mackenzie, who was licking Ana's cunt, who was in turn dining on Sylvia's succulent pussy. That night they really seemed to be getting into it, and one by one they brought one another to orgasm. They didn't even need any of the sex toys!

Everyone reunited with their respective spouse and crawled off to bed. It was almost dawn, and we were all pretty wiped out.

The next morning we had a great breakfast and made plans to do it all again. Rick and Mackenzie offered to host the next party, and promised they'd have a surprise for us. Something about a sex swing. Sylvia and I can't wait!

—K.D., Scottsdale, Arizona

① FAIR PLAY

Kim pointed across the busy mall as she said, "Her!" I followed my wife's finger and found myself staring at a petite, curvy, redhead, who was handing out sample packets of product outside a spa.

"Her name is Patricia—not Patty, not

Pat. Patricia. She's Tim's new girlfriend. She's funny and has a banging body. Since you were kind enough to find me Tim to fuck last month, I wanted to give you something nice."

My wife pressed her body against mine as I admired the redhead. Kim's full breast nudged my arm, and I knew when we got home we'd fuck like crazy.

"Tim really did make you happy, didn't he?"

"He can eat pussy like nobody's business. What do you think?"

"I think she's perfect. How do you know she's willing to play?"

"I already talked to her. Girl talk, you know. I explained our marriage, showed her your mugshot on my phone..."

"Mugshot. Thanks."

She banged me with her elbow. "You know what I mean. Anyway, she's hot for you. Do you want to go meet her now, or wait until the date I set up Friday?"

I got a handful of her ass and squeezed it.

"Friday. Right now, I'm more concerned about getting home and appropriately thanking you."

Kim smiled and grabbed my arm, pulling me with her toward the exit. She was ready to be thanked.

At home, it was easy to get into it because all I could think about was the fact that my gorgeous fucking wife had found me a gorgeous fucking play partner. Who happened to also be screwing the playdate I'd found for her! Life can be crazy.

I took her dress off slowly, letting my hands slide along each bit of skin I uncovered. When I pulled her stockings down, I dragged my fingertips down the backs of her thighs, something that never failed to make her shiver.

"Do what you do best, baby," she said. I did what I do best. I parted her pussy



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lips with my fingers and blew on her pink, wet cunt flesh. I stroked my thumb across her clit and watched her thighs tense. She grabbed me by the back of my head and tugged me forward, telling me she wanted an end to the teasing and a beginning to the pussy-eating.

My wife is not shy.

I still made her wiggle by taking my sweet time. I pushed a finger inside her and fucked her with it while she struggled to keep herself upright. It wasn't long before she was coming, her juices coating my chin. When the final spasms passed, I laid back on the bed.

"Climb aboard. I like to watch your tits bounce."

Without another word, she did just that, positioning my rod at her entrance and sinking onto it. When she finally got herself fully seated, she grinned.

"Tell me 'thank you,'" she said, looking quite pleased with herself.

"Thank you," I replied, thrusting up into her. I held her waist tight as she rocked against me. She ground down on my body, taking her pleasure from me.

After she got herself off, I took my turn on top, pushing her legs wide and plunging into her. I hammered her until I couldn't hold off any longer and let myself go, thinking about how hot it was going to be to nail Tim's chick.

I stared down at Kim, and then I kissed her on the lips before saying, "I can't wait to tell you all about it."

Friday night she went off to meet Tim, and I arrived at Patricia's apartment exactly on time.

She was looking gorgeous in a red dress. I introduced myself, and she looked pleased with what she saw as we stood in her living room, getting our first good looks at one another.

"We can go get a drink if you like," I suggest. "Or..." I tugged the tie on her wrap dress and paused to see what she'd do.

She stared at my hand, put hers over mine and continued to tug so the dress



**"I PUSHED HER
BODY BACK INTO
THE BED AND
TEASED HER
HOLE WITH
MY COCK."**

fell open. I was even more pleased with what I saw. She wore nothing beneath but a tiny pair of black panties and matching thigh-high stockings.

My cock stirred, and I traced the small triangle of fabric with my fingertip. She sighed, so I slipped my hand over her pussy and squeezed gently.

She made a soft sound, so I squeezed again. And then again. I could feel the fabric beneath my hand growing damp. I hooked my fingers in the sides of the panties and tugged them down. She shrugged off her dress and stood there in nothing but her stockings and her heels.

"Leave those on, please." I nipped her earlobe with my teeth and then kissed my way down the slope of her throat.

She leaned her head back and bared

her neck further. I gave her a hearty suck, keeping up the suction until a red mark bloomed on her pale skin. I reached for her mound again and then pushed two fingers deep inside her tight cunt. She was hot and slick with arousal.

I pushed her down onto the couch and got her off—using my teeth on her neck, pumping her pussy with my fingers and teasing her clit with my thumb.

When she came, her tight hole gripped my fingers ferociously.

"Kim bragged about you. Now I see why," she said, breathing heavily.

She took my moist hand and led me to the bedroom, where she sat primly on the edge of the mattress while I undressed.

I watched her try to figure out what to do with her hands. So, when I was naked I took one and put it on my cock. She immediately began to stroke my shaft, caressing me with her delicate fingers. I shut my eyes, taking in the feel of her hand working me and the way she swept her fingertips over my cockhead.

I groaned and hung my head, giving myself permission for a few more minutes of handjob joy before getting on with things. I didn't get the chance to stop her before I felt the slippery heat of her tongue sliding along my shaft. She sucked the tip of me into her mouth, drawing on me and swirling her tongue in the most amazing way.

I held the back of her head, burying my fingers in her thick hair. I yanked her toward me as she worked her mouth down my shaft. I held her in place until I felt her restless movement, then I let her up for air. She did it again, driving her mouth down my length until her lips brushed my pubic hair. That's when I thrust myself into her throat. She made a surprised little gagging noise before withdrawing and laughing.

I pushed her body back into the bed and teased her wet hole with my cock. She raised her hips, but I didn't enter her. Instead, I teased her again, drawing my cockhead around her opening, over her outer lips and up over her clitoris.

Finally, she gasped, "Please!"

I drove into her on one swift thrust. Her body gripped me tight, and her hips shot up. I pressed my body against her, pumping her madly.

I rocked into her, switching up my motions by also moving from side to side. I bent to suck her little pink nipples in my mouth, and when she jolted, I used my teeth. Her pussy clenched around me. I kept thrusting, feeling her grow tighter and tighter. She felt so good, and it urged me on.

I bucked harder against her, making sure to grind against her pert clit. She clutched my shoulders and moved desperately against me.

"I want to see your face when you come."

"Yes, oh, yes," she said, looking so lost I'm not sure she even registered my words.

Her orgasm hit her fast and hard, and her body spasmed around my driving cock.

As soon as she caught her breath, she said, "I want it from behind."

I grinned and pulled away so she could move onto her hands and knees. I gripped her hips and drove back inside her. I braced myself, doing my own thing and seeking my own pleasure as I screwed her snug pussy.

Panting, she worked a hand beneath her body.

"What are you doing, bad girl?"

"Touching myself"

I knew that, of course. But hearing her say the words made me groan. I could feel the very tips of her fingers brushing my balls as she worked her clit. That was pretty hot.

I moved faster and faster until she was bucking back against me wildly. Her pussy squeezed me, and I thrust into her as hard as I could, knocking her body flat against the bed with the force of my fucking. I didn't let that stop me; I kept pummeling that sweet piece.

Kim was going to love hearing about this. We'd compare notes later and then fuck each other senseless.

Patricia was so perfectly wet. I held her hips and pulled her hard against me even, as I propelled myself forward. She was boneless and let me use her as I needed. Another point in her favor.

I gritted my teeth trying to hold on, but I was past the point of no return.

I drove into her a final time before withdrawing and grabbing my cock. I

jerked it roughly until release slammed through me. I watched my come splash across her milky white skin, and she sighed.

I stayed for a drink with the lovely Patricia, and we agreed another meet-up might be in order. I definitely wanted to see her again.

I was on the phone with Kim before I even got home to tell her Patricia was a hot ride. She'd had a good time with Tim, but assured me she still had energy left for me.

I rushed home to meet her. She'll always be my favorite lay.

-R.T., via email

Ever traded partners for sexual variety? Spiced up your bedroom with a smorgasbord of sweaty bodies? If you're a sexual adventurer who has switched on to the swinging scene, we'd like to hear from you. It's a great way to make the experience live on forever. Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department S, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.





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“SOME CALL ME FLIGHTY, BUT I’M
NOT READY TO SETTLE DOWN.”

—CHARLOTTE











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❶ AFTER THE THAW

Spring had come, the season when a young woman's fancy turns to pussy. Okay, so I was just speaking for myself there. But it had been a bitch of a winter, and now with the sun shining and everything green again, I felt my hormones churning and wanted to fuck every woman I saw who wasn't wearing a parka.

I worked for the county, and my job in the spring was to check the roads around the big state park. Snow and the subsequent runoff could tear up the asphalt. I had a Jeep that could take me just about anywhere.

So I went bouncing up into the hills, stopping to take photos of any of the problem areas. I breathed in the warming air, which made my head whirl as if it were an aphrodisiac. The crisp blue sky above was such a welcome sight I felt like I should burst into song like Julie Andrews.

When I was at the periphery of the park, I stopped the Jeep. The park would still be closed until the following week. It was a beautiful preserve, with lots

of trees, meadows and lakes. But at this altitude snowfall socked it in every winter and made it no place to hang out.

Still, I noticed there were fresh tire marks on the ground. Someone had driven around the gate! It wasn't the crime of the century, but the paths hadn't been re-graveled yet and a vehicle could get stuck in the rutted roads.

My trusty 4X4 could handle it, though, so I followed the tracks, just in case some dumbass needed rescuing. It wouldn't be the first time. Sure enough, a quarter of a mile in I came across a car stuck in the mud. But when I checked it, I found it empty. Was somebody trying to hike out? I hadn't spotted anybody.

I decided to head farther into the park. The road got too muddy even for my rugged ride, though. So I left the Jeep, took my binoculars and walked onward, keeping an eye out.

The beauty of the day was still intoxicating. My nipples rubbed against my shirt's fabric, and a naughty thrill tickled me. The last pussy I'd had was two weeks ago, a woman who claimed she'd "never really been with another woman before." Sometimes that can be fun, but this particular shrinking violet

was so high maintenance that by the time we actually got into bed I was almost exhausted.

Around me birds were flitting and chirping through the trees. In the distance I heard a noise and raised the binoculars. Ahead was a lake. It was a mirror-bright oval, full of snowmelt. As gorgeous as it looked, I wouldn't want to swim in it.

But to my shock, that's exactly what I saw someone was doing! I focused the lenses to more clearly see a person swimming the lake's length. Crazy. It must have been like swimming in the water from an ice chest. The individual had good form, though. After a few seconds, it realized it was a woman.

What I also saw—and what was much more interesting—was that she emerged onto the shore stark naked. She came up onto the land with water glistening on her taut physique and her tits heaving. She whipped her wet hair back and forth, sending golden droplets whizzing through the sunlight. She was utterly beautiful.

But what balls it must have taken to swim in that icy water. That turned me on almost as much as the nude body I was unabashedly ogling through the binoculars. My flesh prickled at the sight of her. She picked a towel off the ground and dried herself. As she turned, I scoped out her fine ass and let myself imagine sinking my teeth into it.

Eventually, she lay down without dressing herself. I pocketed the binoculars and started across the grass toward her. I still had a job to do. With my Jeep's winch I could get her car out of the mud, but she needed to be at the wheel so I could safely deliver her out of the park.

I didn't try to sneak up on her. It was bad enough that I'd been leering at her from afar without her knowing it. Then again, it was a public place, even though nobody was supposed to be there.

As I neared, I heard sounds, like





someone in distress. I started running, announcing myself, "Hey, are you okay?"

When I reached the edge of the lake, I jerked to a halt. There lay the gorgeous woman, still naked. She was surrounded by a circle of weird little statues of women, also naked. But what she was doing had me staring, dumbstruck.

Rhythmic cries escaped her throat as she was repeatedly plunging a thick rubber dildo in and out of her pussy. The fake cock had strange symbols carved into the side of it, like some kind of runes or something. The knickknack statues had the look of pagan goddesses.

The woman's heels were dug into the grass. She'd lifted her ass off the ground. Her eyes were squeezed shut and teeth bared. She fucked herself with maniacal glee. Her cries grew higher and louder as I gaped at the incredible sight.

Suddenly, a raw shriek erupted from her. Her taut body went stiff, every muscle standing out. She kept the dildo jammed into herself for a moment more, then slowly sank back onto the grass.

Her eyes opened. She'd heard my

"THE AROMA OF HER AROUSAL WAS ON THE AIR, MINGLING WITH MY OWN SCENT."

approach but hadn't stopped. She offered me a smile and said, "Sorry. I couldn't interrupt the ritual."

"Oh...that's all right," I said inanely. She made no move to cover herself, and I just kept staring at her. Her pussy gleamed as she set aside the rubber toy.

She gestured to the array of little statuary. "It's a hodgepodge of pagan idolatry. I do this every spring. It makes the world feel more sane to me."

I wasn't there to disabuse anyone of their beliefs. I started to say I would help get her car out of the mud, but she

was looking up at me with a twinkle in her pretty eyes.

"Of course," she murmured, "the ritual works better if there are two women present to complete it."

With that she stood. Her hair was still damp, clinging to her shoulders. She stepped up to me, leaned in and put her lips to mine. The contact set off fireworks in me. The frustrations of winter had done a number on me. I wanted this woman.

I kissed her back, taking her face in my hands and mashing my mouth hungrily on hers. Her tongue met mine, and she pushed her bare body against me. Her fingers went after the buttons of my shirt. Soon I was kicking off my shoes and trousers.

The warm sunlight kissed my naked skin. I held the woman to me, kissed her deeply again, then asked, "What do we do for this...ritual?"

She grinned. "Just love each other." She drew me down onto the grass with her, within the circle of icons.

She felt so good against me, and my pussy flowed in anticipation. I squeezed her tits, finding her nipples already hard.

LETTERS

▷ GIRL MEETS GIRL



I lowered my head and nibbled on them. She moaned, jamming more of her tit into my mouth, as much as would fit.

The aroma of her arousal was on the air, mingling with my own scent. I had to get nearer to the source of her heady fragrance. I moved farther down her body as she lay back. I licked her flat abdomen, flicked my tongue against her tight little navel. Then I moved between her spread thighs.

Her pussy glistened and with my face just above her slit, I inhaled her perfume. Then I touched my tongue to her. Her taste was as fresh as her recent dip in the lake. I drew apart her folds and lapped up and down her groove.

I dipped inside her snatch, feeling her heat on my tongue tip. I lapped upward and coaxed her waiting clit, that stiff, little bud of pleasure. As I licked her, she squirmed on the grass. New moans escaped her lips, and her legs clamped my sides.

I ate her harder, sucking on her clit, even nibbling the sensitive nub. She lifted her ass off the ground again, humping urgently against my face. I slurped at her pussy until my mouth was coated with her juice.

When she came, it was with a piercing cry. As she sagged back onto the ground, I gripped her hips and flipped her over. She was surprised but

“SHE LIFTED HER ASS OFF THE GROUND, HUMMING URGENTLY AGAINST MY FACE.”

didn't resist. I beheld the twin swells of her fantastic ass.

First thing I did was give each cheek a playful nip, leaving faint pink marks. She giggled and squirmed delightedly. Then I set my fingertips to the lush halves of her butt and tenderly spread them, exposing the pearl of her rear hole.

Again, I lowered my head. Again, I explored her with my tongue. When I made contact with her crinkly ring, she groaned with pleasure. I wriggled my tongue inside her asshole. I was aware of her pulling up fistfuls of grass as the bliss shook through her body. I kept up the rimming, occasionally teasing her clit, until she came again with a howl.

I sat up with excitement boiling within me. My new lover pushed herself up.

With her eyes dancing, she kissed me again, tasting everything I had tasted. She had me lay back on the grass. When she reached for her dildo, I grinned, ready to have it inside me.

She knelt between my legs and teased the head of the implement over my streaming slit. The pleasure was a ticklish delight. Then she drove the knobby rubber head past my entrance. The shaft was thick, and the carved characters made for some nice ribbing.

She pushed the toy deeper into me. Waves of sexual joy started rippling through me. I held my legs spread wide as she deftly worked the faux cock in and out of me.

The ground was soft and the sun bright overhead. A fever of rapture consumed us as the exotic faces of the goddess statues looked on. I swear it felt like the air crackled with a strange magic.

She fucked me harder with the dildo, increasing the tempo. I looked up at that exquisite beauty. Maybe there really was some female spirit that brought forth the spring. If there was then we were both a part of that. And this ritual was as sweet as sex could be between two women.

The pounding rhythm sent me over the top. Hot ecstasy welled up in me, and I came with a cry of my own, one that echoed over the lake. The pleasure took me to my limits and beyond.

Afterward, the woman licked the dildo clean and lay down with me. It felt like we had made spring come.

—S.P., via email

● RITES OF SPRING

It'll start off by saying that those rumors about sorority girls having lesbian sex with each other are totally true—it's not just something made up by the porn industry. Of course, when I was a naive freshman pledge, I had no idea—

and in retrospect, it makes the story of my first time with another girl even hotter.

Every year our sorority had a regularly scheduled “spring fling” party that was done in collaboration with one of the out-of-state chapters—and the older sisters elected one lucky freshman “May Queen.” The festivities lasted for an entire long weekend right before spring break. And you can imagine, our house yard—littered with makeshift May poles, beer pong tables and tents—became a fly strip for all the guys on campus. There was a dress code, too—usually the guys did togas, and the girls wore the skimpiest thing possible—sometimes just bikini tops and skirts. But since it was “spring fling,” there were lots of flower crowns and fairy wings—and plenty of glittery makeup. In fact, with 15 additional girls staying with us that weekend, the house could have passed for backstage at a strip club or a drag show—glitter was everywhere!

Anyway, for my first “fling,” I woke up early to get ready. I opted to wear a strapless white micro minidress that I’d decorated with our Greek letters in the front and added some store-bought green wings that matched our school colors. I skipped a bra. I’ve got an athletic build with perky B-cup tits, so I can get away with that. I checked the mirror several times to make sure the dress hugged my figure in the right places. As a pledge, I definitely wanted to make the right impression.

I stepped into my suite’s bathroom to work on my makeup because the lighting was better in there, and Mia, a junior from the out-of-state chapter, was in there already—nearly naked! She was apparently the recipient of some great Mediterranean genes. She had the perfect olive-toned complexion, thick wavy, dark hair and boobs so full and pendulous they could have easily merited their own zip code. And, when I walked into the bathroom, there they were hanging out in plain sight! She wore only a sarong bottom and was leaning forward over the sink to get a good look

in the mirror as she put on her eyeliner. I felt a tingling of yearning between my legs, but I tried to play it cool.

You see, on several club nights, I’d done the “straight” girl kissing another girl act, which was always permissible. In fact, it was encouraged when everyone was drunk and out partying. But I’d never taken things further, only because I didn’t really know how to ask. I was as curious as hell about girl-on-girl sex, but there seemed to be this weird unwritten rule about “not talking about it”—unless of course, you were already an out lesbian. If you were an out-and-out dyke, everyone was your rainbow flag-carrying ally. But if you were just a curious horny girl who wanted to know what another girl’s tongue would feel like on your clit... well, you were on your own.

With that frame of reference, I smiled and tried not to stare too obviously at the incredible rack on display, just inches away from me.

“Hi,” Mia said, smiling at me. “I hope I’m not taking up too much space.”

“Oh, not at all. There’s plenty of room.” I stole another glance at her tits, with their generous areolas. They were a gorgeous dusty pink color that paired

beautifully with her dark hair and eyes.

“I like your costume. You’re so cute!” she said, turning her head from side to side to check out her own makeup in the mirror.

“Thank you!” And before I could catch myself, I instinctively blurted out, “I like yours, too—I mean...”

Mia laughed. “I’m glad someone noticed my homemade accessories.” She gave her boobs a playful squeeze and winked at me.

“Well...I, I—” I stammered and briefly lost the ability to speak. I could feel the blood rushing up to my face and ears. Sure enough, a glance in the mirror showed I was beet red.

“Relax.” Mia touched my arm. “Seriously, I just haven’t decided on what color top...I thought about some body paint, but I don’t think I have the patience today.”

I nodded and fumbled with my makeup bag.

Like a cat sizing up its prey, Mia eyed me and then resumed applying more eye shadow. I hurriedly began fixing mine, but I could feel her watching me—when I wasn’t watching her.

“You want to help me pick something



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▷ GIRL MEETS GIRL

out?" She leaned against the vanity, watching as I finished applying some blush.

"Sure." We locked eyes for a moment, and I think we both knew then what was going to happen. She took my hand and led me into one of the adjoining bedrooms and closed the door.

Mia was a head taller than me, and with her huge tits and long hair, I felt tiny and shy. She lifted my chin, and we started to kiss. As her tongue darted in and out of my mouth, I felt my thong getting wetter and wetter.

Cautiously, I touched one of her breasts, and she grabbed my free hand and put it on her other one.

"Go on," she said with a giggle. "I know you've been dying to touch them."

Fascinated with her soft mounds of flesh, I took turns licking and sucking each of her nipples as I groped her heavy tits. She moaned and unfastened her sarong skirt. It turns out she hadn't bothered with panties, either. From there, it was only a matter of seconds before she pulled off my fairy wings, dress and panties.

On the bed, Mia took charge and got on top of me. We kissed some more, and

I reveled in the sensation of our soft skin and breasts sliding against one another. She licked her way down my neck and then playfully nibbled and tugged on my nipples with her teeth. I could feel my pulse thumping in my clit.

Mia kissed my navel and then reached my thighs, spreading me wide. I must've looked at her like a deer caught in the headlights, because again she said, "Relax."

I exhaled as her tongue began to probe every fold of my pussy. It didn't take long for me to completely surrender, giving myself over to every sensation. (By the way, I'm happy to report that having another woman eat me out surpassed any and all fantasies I'd had about it.)

When she began softly but persistently sucking my clit, I clenched the sheets and tried to muffle my moans in the pillow. Then I felt her slide two fingers inside my pussy, while another teased and prodded my asshole. The stimulation brought me quickly to the brink. I came so hard I almost passed out. But luckily, I didn't—because I was determined to get my first taste of pussy!

After I caught my breath, I kissed her and asked her to sit on my face. Her

pussy was completely shaved, save for a little landing strip on her mound.

"From the front or back?" she asked, pinching my nearest nipple.

"I want to see your ass."

She obliged and turned around, straddling my face. Her voluptuous butt cheeks opened up like a book, revealing that innermost pink binding. I directed my tongue right between her lips and made a beeline for her clit.

"That's right. Oh yes, right there," Mia moaned while grinding her pussy into my face. I loved being surrounded by the smell of her lust—it was somewhere between musk and coffee.

I continued to work her clit until I got bold enough to try finger-fucking her. She moaned encouragements, so I felt pretty confident I was making the right moves. She was bucking like she was on a wild ride, and her cunt seemed to get wetter and wetter. It was a proud moment for a first-timer.

But before I brought her to orgasm, Mia took me to the brink yet again. While I busied myself with exploring her wet cleft, she leaned forward and took my clit between her thumb and finger and used what felt like a gentle plucking motion to drive me insane. At least then, her pussy was enough to muffle my loud moaning, otherwise I'd have startled everyone on our floor.

Once I made Mia come, she slid off my face, leaving it a glossy mess. We kissed more, and she asked if I wanted to try something else. Of course I did. I'd have tried anything she suggested and told her so. Her face lit up, and she jumped off the bed with her boobs jiggling to grab something out of her suitcase.

She presented a double-ended, green dildo to me—and I don't think I'd been that excited about anything since the day I found out I made varsity volleyball.

"It matches your wings," she said of the color.

We both giggled.

The two of us sat in the middle of





the bed, overlapping our legs. I gasped when she penetrated me with the flexible toy. Even though my cunt was soaking wet, that thing was pretty damn thick—but oh my God, did it feel incredible.

With each of us impaled on our shared cock, we rocked back and forth, kissing and playing with each other's tits, until our rhythm became more and more frenetic.

"Rub your clit for me," Mia said. "I want to watch you come."

I bit my lip and did exactly that, moaning as I clenched my cunt around the toy. If the sensations I was experiencing were not already enough, the sight of Mia's tits bouncing every which way, while her pink pussy lips stretched around her end of the dildo, pushed me even closer to the edge.

Finally, we came one after the other, with Mia getting off first. This time I let myself scream. And maybe because she sensed it was my first time, Mia dismounted and removed the toy from my pussy before lapping at it again and savoring every bit of my orgasm.

I laid there in a heap of sweat and runny makeup. I no longer cared about the party—I knew I'd be happy to spend all weekend in bed.

Mia kissed her way up my body and playfully bopped me on the nose.

"Don't worry. There'll be plenty of time this weekend for more sexy fun."

"There'd better be!"

Mia laughed and said, "Well, with that attitude, I think you might be our May Queen!"

—P.C., via email

"AFTER I CAUGHT MY BREATH, I KISSED HER AND ASKED HER TO SIT ON MY FACE."

● RIDE ON

I stuck my finger down the back of Jan's jeans and wiggled it. She jumped and hissed, "Knock it off!" But she was smiling. A little wickedly, I might add.

I looked around the record store and saw no one but us. I shoved her up against the wall and licked a hot line from her jaw down to her collarbone. She pushed against me, her hand raking across my breast. My nipples went hard in an instant.

"Oh my God. I'm going to so get fired," she moaned. But when I kissed her, she grew still and then kissed me back.

"How's that boyfriend of yours?" I asked, already knowing the answer.

Jan and I had hooked up off and on, and I'd heard her latest beau was gone, gone, gone. Now was my chance for some hot Jan action. I'd been thinking about her lately. A lot. Usually while naked and getting myself off.

She narrowed her eyes and laughed. "I see the grapevine still works."

"Come on, lover," I said, running the blade of my hand up between her thighs until the edge hit her pussy.

She took a long, slow breath as I applied pressure, effectively grinding my hand against her clit.

I kissed her, and she kissed me back.

"Don't you want some sexual healing? Something to make you forget about tall, dark and stupid. I can still eat pussy like a pro. And I love to watch you squirm. Nothing makes me happier than when you pull my hair as you come for the second... third... fourth time."

She started kissing me of her own accord, and I smiled against her pretty lips.

"What if I say no?" she muttered. But then she pressed herself down against my hand.

"Then I say: Your loss, sister."

She closed her eyes, and her body relaxed. The sight shot straight to my cunt like a lightning bolt.

"I guess I can only say yes, then."

The small bell over the door jingled, and we parted rapidly. I tried to stifle a laugh as she went to deal with the customer. She was so flustered the tips of her ears were red. I was more focused on her heart-shaped ass in her tight jeans.

When I looked at Jan I could recall the taste of her. She had a salty-sweet flavor that made me crave more. And if I shut my eyes I could hear her orgasmic cries. She tends to be loud. Really loud, which is fine by me.

I watched her ring the guy up and hustle him out. When she turned to me, I made a point of looking at my watch. "I have to roll. I have to get back to work. I'll come by your place at seven."

It wasn't a question.

She gave a little shrug, but I knew she was turned on. I moved in close, grabbed her wrists and held her against me as I kissed her. The kiss turned to a bite as I briefly pinched her lip between my teeth.

"I want you to go in the back room and get yourself off while thinking about

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▷ GIRL MEETS GIRL



all the fun we're going to have tonight."

Her eyes were shiny, and she looked slightly stunned. She nodded.

I put her hand on her mound and winked. "Go do it. I'll see you later."

I watched her duck into the back room just as the front door of the store swung shut behind me. It took everything in me not to get myself off before returning to the office. But I managed.

Later that day, she opened the door to her apartment and my heart skipped a beat. My pussy got wet, too. She was wearing a fairly sheer white top over a black bra, capris and little moccasins. Her lips were painted a pretty pink, but other than that, she wore no makeup. Her cornsilk hair hung loose around her shoulders.

I acted on instinct. I put my hand between her breasts, fingers splayed, and pushed her gently back through the open door, closing it behind me.

"How about a preview?"

She barely had time to answer before I'd pushed my hand down into her capris and slid my fingertip across her clit. It was hard and swollen, so she was already turned on. Most likely from playing out various scenarios in her head about our impending date.

As I fingered her, she shut her eyes and made crazy little sounds. Then she hung her head, her hair falling across part of her face. But I didn't need to see her eyes. All I needed was to observe how her body moved. Her hips thrust toward me in tiny

**"SHE FUCKED
HERSELF
CLOSER AND
CLOSER TO
HEAVEN, RIDING
ON MY FINGERS."**

jerk, and I took the hint, stroking her a few more times before plunging my finger inside her hot cunt.

"Yeah," she said lazily.

"Yeah?" I couldn't help but grin. "Like that?" I curled my finger, forcing it deeper. She grew wetter, and her breath became more ragged.

I leaned in not only for better leverage but to kiss her. I played my tongue over her lips before sliding it into her mouth to run it over hers.

She sighed and kissed me back. I liked when her kisses went from interested to hungry. And they did.

I curled my finger again, and then slowly slid in a second. That earned me a little shocked sound and another rock of her hips. I found her clit with my thumb and pressed. She did the rest for me, bucking against me and forcing my fingers deeper.

She fucked herself closer and closer to heaven, riding on my fingers.

I kissed a path down her neck, licking along the thump of her pulse, then used my teeth on her sensitive skin.

"Come on, girl. You gotta work for it. Get it. You're almost there."

She groaned and actually slowed the pace of her hips to a more deliberate cadence.

When she came, she seemed shocked. I wasn't. I could feel her growing tighter and tighter, and when she tipped over the edge her pussy milked me with warm spasms, exactly as I'd expected.

I bit her earlobe and withdrew my fingers from her cunt.

"Come on. Let's get in the car. I've got something special at my place," I said.

She hurried out the door, leaving me to pull it closed behind us.

I drove her to my apartment and didn't have to say a word. She'd been there before. And she'd been in my bed before. Once inside, she stripped without a word as I pulled off my tee and shed my jeans.

"On the bed. Spread those legs." I smiled at her and licked my lips.

She did as told without hesitation. She bounced across the bed and lay on her back, her legs parted enough so I could see her wet slit. I came at her on all fours and watched her shiver.

I opened the bedside drawer just so she had the visual. So she'd remember.

"It has your name on it," I said, kissing her inner thigh. "I keep it here, just for you. For those 'between boyfriends' times."

She wriggled.

I smiled. I had her exactly where I wanted her. In my bed. Naked.

I kissed up her inner thighs, put my mouth over her mound and exhaled slowly. I let the heat of my mouth flow over her pussy. She writhed beneath me, and I teased her pussy with the tip of my tongue.

She thrust her hands into my hair and tugged, letting me know she wasn't amused with my teasing stall tactics.



"Patience," I said. But then I gave her what she wanted, eating her in earnest.

I lapped at her, drove my tongue into her hole, licked my way up to her clitoris and then flicked it with tiny, quick motions. She squirmed and wiggled and made all kinds of noises. I knew she was close, and I knew what she liked. I latched onto her clit and sucked it for all I was worth, making sure to draw on her slowly and evenly. She came with a cry that ended in a growl. She pulled my hair so hard my eyes watered. But that was fine.

I got up on my knees and grabbed the double-headed dildo from the drawer. My pussy was plenty wet. I didn't have to wait, and I didn't need lube. I slid one end deep inside myself and then twirled my finger in the air.

"Over. On your hands and knees."

She eagerly flipped onto her belly and got on all fours. Her pussy was drenched and flushed and ready.

I knelt behind her and slid the tip of the curved toy against her slit. She wagged her ass at me, egging me on. I grabbed her hip with one hand and with the other gave her ass a hearty smack.

She yelped and jumped.

I did it again, watching my handprint bloom on her pale skin.

Then, holding the base of the dick, I slid

into her slowly, watching the dildo part her lips and open her up. When I was deep inside her, I bumped my hips against her ass and felt the dildo inside me press my G-spot. We sighed in unison.

I rocked into her, reading her body for pleasure as I got my own from the big purple cockhead buried deep inside me. I gently brushed my fingers over her back hole, using a feather-light touch that made her jump.

She pushed back against me, taking the dildo deeper and thumping the toy inside me. I kept my focus on her. I didn't want to come yet. Not that fast.

I tickled her asshole again and watched her buck. I held her steady and rocked from side to side until I saw her grow rigid. Her breathing was harsh, and she made a mewling sound that spiked pleasure through the center of me. When she made noises like that it drove me crazy.

"I'm coming, I'm coming..." she sobbed.

I nearly came with her, but I kept control of myself as she shuddered. I just kept fucking her as she rode out her climax.

"Play with yourself," I commanded, nearly panting. I knew I was going to come soon. I could feel the pressure building inside me.

She didn't say a word, but I saw her head bob as she nodded. I held her hips

and ground against her so that a small nub in the middle of the toy teased my clit. I clenched my pussy tight around the shaft. Every time she pressed back against me, she nudged me closer to coming. And before long, I felt the first rush of orgasm.

My moans of pleasure were just fading as she added hers to the chorus, rubbing her clit and shaking as she came.

The sound pushed me right over the edge. My cunt gripped the dildo inside me in helpless spasms. I pulled free of it, trying to catch my breath as the toy slid from her pussy.

She rolled onto her back and pinched my nipple so hard I hissed.

"You really saved that dildo for me?"

I stroked the purple cock and told her I had.

"For whenever you're up for a little ride," I told her with a wink.

She smiled shyly and said, "Good to know."

-F.S., San Francisco, California

Have you dabbled in the pleasures of Sappho? Share your tale of titillation by sending your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department GG, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.



NIGHT MOVES

NAUGHTY TASHA LIKES TO LET LOOSE WITH
A LITTLE PIECE OF STRANGE.





“A ONE-NIGHT STAND WITH A HOT
BLONDE IS MY IDEA OF FUN!”

—TASHA













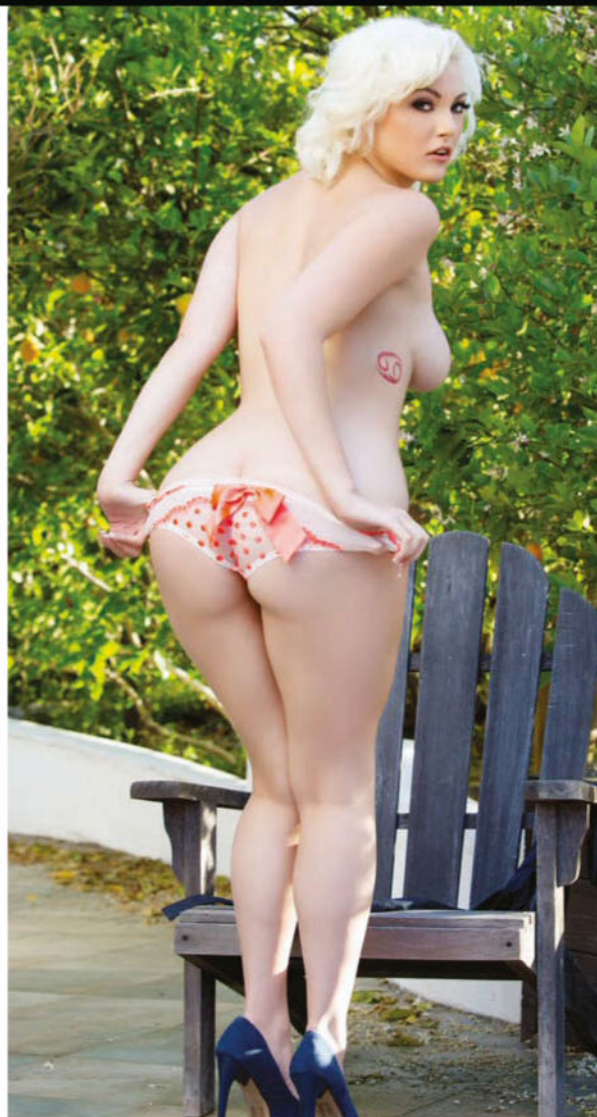






TOP 10

JENNA IVORY



TOP 10 SIGNS YOU HAVE SPRING FEVER

10. You're suddenly feeling restless.
9. Dirty daydreams become constant.
8. Temperatures are rising—outdoors and in.
7. Flirting kicks into overdrive.
6. Dates go from zero to frisky in no time flat.
5. A tropical getaway goes on your to-do list.
4. You feel the urge to join the Mile-High Club.
3. Your vacation includes a one-night stand—or two.
2. Skinny-dipping with strangers sounds like a great idea.
1. Your sexual appetite is limitless.



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VARIATIONS



MARCH/APRIL 2018

PLEASING THE BOSS

SISSY HUBBY GETS
A NEW POSITION

WIDE WORLD

SEXT PARTNERS

REACH OUT AND
TOUCH SOMEONE

FETISHISM

PLAYING FOOTsie

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LOVER FINDS HIS
SOLE MATE





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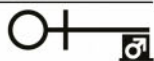
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VARIATIONS



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EDITOR'S NOTE

SEXY fetishes are in the spotlight this month at *Penthouse Variations*. Eric Edwards is no stranger to a little slap and tickle. He expertly explains how he uses flowers and feathers to torment a bound beauty in "Tickling Her Fancy."

While William Merrill's cross-dressing dreams come true when his newly dominant wife decides he's the perfect "woman" for the job at her bustling real estate business. But he's never had a boss who was so demanding!

Passionate sole mates take a step toward the erotic, panty fans fuel their passion and a couple explores their lust for latex in this edition's Fetishism Letters. While Wide World shares the love with a voyeurism-fueled ménage, some impromptu bondage and dirty sexting between casual fuck buddies.

What sparks your fetish fire? Send your confession to: letters@penthouse.com.





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❶ PLAYING FOOTsie

Susie and I were out to lunch when she asked me, “Do you think Michael is your soul mate?”

I nodded, flexing my toes in my patent leather sandals and admiring the shimmery purple polish on my toenails.

“Definitely,” I said, my mind flashing back to the previous night. What a night it had been, filled with firsts and foreplay, feet and fucking. I told Susie all about it, describing every detail.

The evening before, Michael cradled my right foot as he worked. Glistening purple polish traveled from a delicate brush along the length of my pinkie toenail. I practically held my breath. Michael was completely captivated by the job at hand—I mean, at foot. He was even breathing a little quickly, as if he’d been out for a run.

I had known my feet fascinated him, but I hadn’t understood exactly how much he’d enjoy polishing my toes.

Slowly, carefully, he painted each one. My left foot pressed against his hard cock, which strained in the confines of his white briefs. We’d stripped at the start of the evening—him discarding his clothes all the way to his formfitting underwear, and me pulling off my floral dress to reveal a matching bra-and-panty set. Semi-nude, we sat on the floor in the living room, and his dick was stone-hard as he focused all of his attention on my dainty toes.

“What is it about you and feet?” I asked as he gazed at my toes. It was as if he was trying to learn the very shape of my bones, admiring the elegance of my narrow size sixes.

“It’s not just any feet,” he replied. “Your feet are fucking gorgeous. They’re the sexiest parts of you.”

This was a first. Men in my past have admired my large eyes, my wide smile, even the smattering of freckles across

my nose and cheeks. Prior to Mike, I’d never given much thought to my feet at all. I shifted my left foot against his dick. He gave me a look, then licked his lower lip.

“What are you doing?” he asked.

“What do you think I’m doing?”

Mike paused. “I think you’re stroking my cock with your foot.”

“Give the man a prize,” I said, smiling in spite of myself.

He continued to focus on his task, but he still had the wherewithal to ask, “What sort of a prize?”

I pressed my foot harder against his groin, upping the ante. He returned

**“HE BENT
MY LEGS SO HE
COULD GRIP MY
FEET WHILE
HE FUCKED
ME WILDLY.”**

the pressure, urgently butting against me, his hips getting into the action. I wondered how long it would take for him to finish the pedicure. He didn’t seem to be in any sort of rush, but his boner let me know precisely how turned on the activity was making him.

To taunt him further, I pulled down the waistband of his briefs ever so slightly, only using the tips of my toes. The paint on those nails was already dry. Once the head of his cock had poked free, the atmosphere changed. Michael blew on the toes of my right foot, urging them to dry, as he humped my left foot with renewed vigor.

I would never have considered a pedicure as foreplay, but his attention to

my toes had definitely whet more than my appetite. My pussy was gushing with juicy goodness. I took over, telling him to take off his briefs completely, and then I used the soles of my feet to start jerking him off. His dick looked divine trapped between my feet, and the polish seemed to further enhance the glory of the sight.

Generally, I’m more of an “oyster-shell toenail polish” girl. I rarely break out with bold colors. But the purple polish had caught my eye right before I was checking out from the beauty supply store earlier that day.

Michael moved forward, and I stripped off my undergarments. Before long, I was on my back on the living room floor, and in a flash he was in me. He bent my legs so he could grip my feet and continue to admire them while he fucked me wildly. He seemed unable to stop talking about my toes and soles, telling me how beautiful they were, how they made his dick hard.

His cock drove deep inside me as he splayed my thighs wide and caressed my feet. I’d never realized that my feet were an erogenous zone before, but as Michael stroked them, cooed to them, told me how he wanted to suck each one of my toes, I found an orgasm building within me. The combination of being fucked and stroked really sent me. When Michael let one hand tickle my clit, I came dramatically on his dick, my feet still pointing skyward.

Michael pulled out of me and motioned to a bottle of lotion he’d used at the beginning of my pedicure. I snagged the bottle and squirted a bit of the silky solution on my soles. Then, guessing what he was looking for, I once again began a luxurious foot job. Michael leaned back against the sofa, but he didn’t close his eyes. He stared down as I used my feet to service him. The polish gleamed as I worked. I moved faster and faster, only pausing to re-lubricate my soles as needed. Michael murmured soft words about

how good my feet felt, how sexy I was, how much he loved my toes.

I did not expect the geyser of his come to spray upward between my feet but spray it did! Our foot-themed fuckfest had definitely flipped his switch. Michael seemed a little glazed, but not too far gone to realize my pedicure was far from over. He reached for the clear bottle of top coat, and I knew there was more foot play in our future.

"There are soul mates and sole mates," I'd told Susie. "Michael and I? We're both."

—L.R., Denver, Colorado

❶ PANTY PASSION

Jenny doesn't own days-of-the-week panties. She's not that organized. I can imagine her wearing Tuesday on a Friday and wearing Saturday on a Monday. But she does utilize a certain type of lingerie during the workweek and a different style on weekends.

"Come here, you," I said as she walked through the door on Thursday night.

For work, she chooses streamlined undergarments. Ones that won't leave unsightly lines or cause ugly bunching.

"Just let me get out of these clothes," she insisted as she set down her briefcase. I knew what was going to occur next. I've watched her arrive home often enough to understand she was about to perform that female magic trick of taking off her bra while leaving her blouse intact. I live for the sigh she emits when she undoes the clasp and lets loose her boobies. But I had to stop her.

"No, wait...Don't!" My voice was a little louder than either one of us expected. She looked confused.

Jenny's never realized how sexy I think she looks in her business clothes. Not her workout gear, nor her naughty nighties, but the no-nonsense, zero-frill attire she

prefers for her day-to-day look.

"I want to fuck you in that bra and those panties," I said, and the words came out low and gravelly. There was definitely a throb of desire in my tone, and it made Jenny perk up and take notice. The two of us have a deeply sensual relationship, but this was a new request. She watched me with interest, those brown eyes of hers narrowing and flashing sparks.

I pulled her close to me and ran my hands up and down her petite body. She was wearing one of her favorite blouses, white with tiny blue dots. It was tucked into a snug-fitting skirt that accentuated the curves of her hips. To complete the outfit, she wore sensible heels—but no hose. How scandalous! I could see her in my mind moving through her workday. All formality with her coworkers. She keeps her real self under wraps.

I was ready to unwrap her slowly.

We kissed first, and I felt the slick sensation of her lipstick and breathed

in the subtle aroma of her expensive perfume. Then I stepped back and began to undo the row of tiny buttons running down the front of her silky blouse. Jenny leaned against the wall and let me undress her. She cooed as I kissed her right below her earlobe. She hadn't even taken off her shoes. I was thrilled.

Fuck fuck-me pumps. Those classy navy heels had my libido soaring! I spun her around so she was facing the wall, and I pulled her blouse off her shoulders. The bra she had on beneath was exactly what I'd fantasized about. Other men might have thought the beige garment with no lace was dull, but not me. There was nothing to get in the way, not even a rosette in the front. I cupped her generous tits from behind, fingering them through the soft fabric. She grew totally still.

"I love the way you look in this," I said, nuzzling her neck, then working to unzip her skirt and letting it fall to the floor. I pulled her blouse the rest of the way



VARIATIONS

▾ FETISHISM LETTERS



off. She remained facing away from me, adorned only in her plain white panties and beautifully boring bra. She looked at me over her shoulder.

"You really like this?" she asked.

I answered by pressing my body against hers so she could feel my hard-on. I didn't simply like what she had on. I was consumed with desire for her.

Okay, so there's nothing inherently sexual about her clothes. What sets me aflame is the way she acts when she wears them. All business. No pleasure. But I was finding pleasure—that was momentarily my business. I went on my knees and kissed her heart-shaped ass through those plain panties. I got down lower and licked her in-between parts through the crotch. I pulled the panties firmly against her and nibbled on her pussy lips right through the semi-translucent material.

Jenny didn't have any words after that. I tongued her pussy through that fabric, which quickly got soaked with her juices and my spit. She leaned against the wall and thrust her box back against my mouth. I stood once more and slid a hand down her panties. Fingering her clitoris and holding her to me, I whispered to her, telling her how much I appreciated her panties.

"Sometimes when you're gone, I stroke

myself with them," I told her in a rush as I rubbed her swollen clit. She put a hand back against the wall as I bit her neck. "I grab the pair you've left on the floor, and I jack my cock with them."

Jenny mewed as I spoke. I hadn't necessarily been planning on confessing to her, but her reaction to my words spurred me on. She seemed positively electrified.

"Sometimes," I continued, "I bring a pair to work. I use them in the men's room, pressing them up to my face while I jerk my meat."

Her knees buckled. I caught her and slowly set her down on the floor, spreading her out on the varnished wood. I still had my fingers in her panties, pressing my digits inside her, determined to bring her to orgasm right there in the hall before we retreated further into the apartment.

"I never take your satin panties," I explained. "Never the lace ones. I always take the ones like these. The plain cotton ones. I picture you at work, walking through the halls of your office, looking so polished and professional. All I want to do is make you dirty, mess you up."

She came, crying out my name as a powerful climax crashed over her in shocking waves. I took her in my arms and carried her to the bedroom, feeling the

quivers of her pleasure flicker through her whole body.

I climbed on the bed with her and began stroking her crotch through the wet fabric.

"But why?" she asked. "Tell me why you like these."

She still seemed mildly amazed—if not amused—that I was finding her workaday panties so spectacular.

I tried to get my point across as I cupped her tits through her brassiere. Her breasts looked buoyant in this bra. It's not that they don't stand out in her lacy garments, but this was different. I searched for the right way to explain. My dick was trying to tell her for me. I was harder than rock, and I wanted to be in her, but I didn't want her out of the clothes. I tugged the center of the panties to the side and let my cockhead rap against her clit. She groaned and swiveled on the bed.

"You have no clue," I said, "no idea. 'You act differently when you're wearing them.'"

"Different how?"

"All business," I said, and her eyes lit slightly.

"That's what you like?"

I nodded, and then suddenly she seemed to understand.

"Fuck me," she demanded, her voice sounding the way it does when I call her at the office in the middle of a busy day. All business. "Fuck me now!"

I pulled the panties out of the way and thrust my cock inside her.

"That's right," she said. "Fuck me as hard as you can!"

I pounded into her, sealing our bodies together and gyrating my hips so she could feel the full length of me fill her up.

"I want you to use these panties tomorrow. Take them with you. They'll be so, so dirty."

She'd gotten it! Dirty, so dirty, when she seemed so clean. That's what got me off. I shot off inside her, losing my breath yet finding my bliss. She lay next to me afterward, and she told me my

come was dripping out of her, drenching her perfect panties.

—R.M., Oakland, California

❶ LUST & LATEX

I was having a hard time dressing myself. It hadn't occurred to me when I'd ordered the shiny red latex garment online that someone else might have to assist me in actually getting the piece on. That really should have been in the product write-up. *This dress will definitely turn heads, but be sure you have a partner to help you wriggle into it!*

The dress had arrived nestled in matching tissue paper. From the moment I held the latex in my hands, I'd been turned on—like my libido was a faucet and someone had left me running. My panties were becoming damp and my palms were getting moist.

No dress had ever affected me like that before. Sure, my closet contained quite a few little black dresses, but none of them were latex. I spied a woman wearing a rubber dress at a club one night, and all I'd wanted was go over to her and rub my hands all over her shiny curves.

That obviously hadn't been a socially acceptable option, so finding my own latex dress had seemed a logical alternative.

After a brief web search, I found

advice suggesting I slicken myself up with silicone-based lubrication. With lots of lube, I had been able to squirm into the thing, but I couldn't quite get it straightened out to look like it should. It was beyond formfitting and tighter than tight. I had a limited range of motion and felt like I could hardly breathe.

I'd fallen for the maraschino color of the dress, for the shimmery exterior. I loved how the model looked as if she had been coated in some type of syrup. It had looked wet in the pictures. It looked wet in the box. It looked wet on me.

Now, if only I could get the damn thing on right!

I was tugging and pulling, but my lube-slick hands were having trouble getting a good grip. No matter how hard I wrestled with the dress, I didn't feel like I was getting anywhere.

Like in one of those silly TV game shows, I thought maybe I could call a friend. Maybe Beth would come over and help me out. Unfortunately, then I'd have to explain exactly why I was doing my best to impersonate the type of sex bunny you might find on a bottle of lube. Beth was a little prudish. Perhaps she

was not the best person to call.

My heels clacked as I paced. But my thoughts suddenly clicked when I heard my neighbor's motorcycle pulling into the driveway. Derrick was good with his hands. I didn't think he'd mind offering some help. Maybe he'd want to know more about my dress, but I found I didn't have a problem with that. Out the apartment I flew before I could reconsider.

Derrick had his key in the door. He looked at me. Then he looked at me again. I know this is called a double take. I've been on the receiving end of these before, but never one quite so detailed. He started at the bottom of the dress and worked his way all the way up to the top. Then he did it in reverse, starting at the top and gazing downward.

I felt ogled. I liked it!

Usually, we'd share a bit of good-natured banter between the two of us. But on this night, he seemed speechless. I considered my options.

"I'm having a problem getting this dress on right," I said, not beating around the bush. "Could you lend a hand?"

"I'll lend you whatever you'd like," he quipped, eying me hungrily.

**"I TONGUED HER
PUSSY THROUGH
THAT FABRIC,
WHICH GOT
SOAKED WITH
HER JUICES."**



VARIATIONS

▾ FETISHISM LETTERS



“I HELD ON TO HIS SHOULDERS AS HE STEERED ME THROUGH A STUNNING ORGASM.”

I spun, showing him the dress from all angles “I can’t get it straightened out,” I explained.

As he came toward me, I realized he’d left his keys dangling in the lock. Then I felt his hand on my waist, holding me steady as he gripped the hem and started yanking down the bunched up latex until it was all straightened out.

“How’s that?” he asked when he’d finished. I wriggled a little, feeling the smooth latex snugly embracing my form to delicious perfection. I spun around again to show off and gave him a grin.

“Perfect.”

“I think so, too,” he said.

We stood in the hall for a moment, facing each other silently.

I’d been planning to go a club where I knew my new dress would get me some major attention, but the way Derrick was looking at me gave me a different idea entirely.

“Would you like to come in for a drink?” I asked him.

“I’ll come for anything,” he said, grabbing his keys and following me into my place.

I could have pretended I really wanted a glass of merlot, I guess. I could have taken him into the kitchen and offered him whatever was in my fridge. Instead, I took him to the bedroom, because that’s where we both wanted to go, to be honest.

Derrick undressed at my insistence. I stayed clothed at his.

In the bed, I learned the delicious truth about latex: It’s slippery. Derrick had me hot and wet in moments, but every time he stroked me, his palms easily glided over the shiny surface.

“I’ve never touched anything like this,” he said, rubbing his hands all over my body.

“Touch me with your dick,” I implored him. He didn’t have a problem with that suggestion. He traced the tip of his cock up and down me, leaving a trail of pre-come in its wake. I watched in the mirror as he moved behind me and did the same, touching me with his cock all over, rubbing his balls against me. I felt as if the

latex were my second skin. It muffled the sensation of being touched, but I could feel each stroke nevertheless.

“I want to take you out in the rain in this dress,” he said.

I’d read that water pouring on latex felt divine. That’s how we ended up in the shower together, with the water raining down on us and me in Derrick’s arms. He shoved the dress to my hips so he could have access to my cunt, but he didn’t take the dress off me. We fucked like that, beneath the spray, growing steamy from the heat of the water and our simmering desire.

“Come on me,” I begged him. “Come all over my dress.”

He pulled his cock out of my pussy and did just that, working his hand on his big dick and then spraying me with his lust. The shower quickly washed away the white swirls of his come, and then Derrick grabbed the nozzle and angled it against my clit so the pounding, pulsing water made me climax. I held on to his shoulders as he steered me through a stunning orgasm. The water worked like magic, as I knew from experience it would.

Out of the shower, he helped me separate myself from the wet, formfitting dress. Then he hung it up over the tub to drip dry before leading me back to bed.

Maybe someday the two of us will take my dress out on the town. But that night it would simply hang from the shower rod dripping. Derrick and I decided to stay in. It was the right choice.

—E.R., Baton Rouge, Louisiana

Some admire the sleek beauty of a leg encased in nylon or the delicate arch of a dainty female foot. Others get a charge from a well-placed tattoo, and some simply have a passion for panties. What fans your fetish fire? Tell us all about it. Send your letter to: *Penthouse Variations*, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or e-mail it to: letters@penthouse.com.

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“WHAT’S HOTTER THAN WEARING
RUBBER? STRIPPING IT OFF!”

—EMILY



TICKLING HER FANCY

Flowers may brighten Amy's day, but feathers really light up her night!

By Eric Edwards

At the high-end, exclusive restaurant filled with snooty patrons, Amy slid her foot out of her high-heeled, feather-tipped shoe and began to tickle me with her toes. I'd like the men in the audience to know I didn't flinch. I'm accustomed to my girlfriend's sensual antics.

She maneuvered her delicate toes up under the cuff of my gabardine slacks, clearly trying to get a rise out of me. I cut my steak without any indication that an electric shiver was working through my bones. This was a five-star restaurant, after all, one that we normally wouldn't have visited. The patrons around us were decades our seniors. We already stood out.

Only when she landed her foot directly into my lap did I suck in my breath.

"Bad girl," I said, shooting her a warning glance.

She gave me a coy look followed by an innocent shrug. Her dangling shoulder-duster earrings twinkled magically in the candlelight. My little heartthrob can play the role of the ingénue when she so desires. There she sat, as if she'd written the manual on decorum, with that "who me?" expression on her faux-innocent face. All the while, she was pressing her foot firmly against my rigid dick as if she wanted me to come right there in that fancy restaurant.

The nerve! The gall! But it's also the reason the two of us we get on so famously.

I leaned over the small, round table and said in a low voice, "I'm going to get you for this."

"Get me?" She batted her long lashes and created an exaggerated "O" with her glossy pink lips. She was in rare form!

"I, my sweet little plum dumpling, am going to tickle the"—I hesitated because we were out in public, after all—"bejesus out of you."

"Right here? In front of God and our waitress?" She paused to take a sip of her chilled chardonnay. Then she cracked a smile in my direction and asked, "Exactly what is a bejesus?"

"Use your imagination," I told her. I set

"I TICKLED HER AGAIN. AMY WAS WRACKED WITH GIGGLES AND BURSTS OF GUFFAWS."

down my knife and fork and wiggled my fingers at her.

"I'll believe it when I see it—a bejesus, that is," she said, and her eyes shot molten sparks at me.

I caught a look from a gentleman at a nearby table. Amy and I usually stuck to casual places. But being that it was our anniversary, and I'd thought she'd appreciate the gesture of a fancy restaurant—even if we usually prefer french fries to fancy French cuisine.

"You'll see. I promise," I said, forgetting to lower my voice. "I promise to trace my fingers all over your ribs and under your neck and between your—"

"Wine?" the waitress asked, suddenly reappearing as if drawn by the heat

flickering between the two of us.

"Check," I said, not giving a fig about the fact that my dinner was only partially eaten or that Amy apparently hadn't felt the need to touch hers. We shouldn't have bothered to go out. We ought to have ordered in. But that's what happens when tickling is on the menu.

We took our meals to go, and I hardly had time to sign my name on the tab. Amy practically pulled me out the door. I noted some diners daggering us with their eyes. That was okay. They could have their high-end entrees and their fancy flatware. I was going to tickle my high-end girlfriend's fancy, and I was pretty sure we were going to have a five-star fucking night.

And that night was going to be ripe with tickling.

Back at our apartment, with the two of us stripped down to our birthday suits, we eyed each other like beasts in a cage. When we met on the mattress, my fingers ran along Amy's ribs. That won me a mild response. I hadn't really pushed her buttons yet. I was biding my time.

I began to tickle her with more finesse, thinking of how she'd attempted to tempt me under the table. I used my wriggling fingers under her arms and then on her hips. I moved all over her body quickly, never lingering in any one place for too much time. She giggled and pulled herself into a ball under the sheets. I tore off the leopard-print satin so she was stark naked in the center of our bed. Then I had to stop and simply watch her for a moment. Amy is such a blushing beauty. She often wears nightgowns to bed, cherry-printed numbers or lacy getups that are as sexy as hell. But I liked her most how she was



at that moment: entirely nude.

She stared back at me with a look of sweet, unadulterated lust, even as the giggles continued to bubble up from her body.

For a few beats of time, I pretended that I was going to tickle her without actually letting my fingers meet her flesh. I wiggled my digits in front of her. She squealed and kicked, squirming away from me until she was pressed all the way back against the headboard.

There's tickling and then there's *tickling*. The first category, in my opinion, is for people who don't understand what tickling does or how being tickled feels. These people may have engaged in tickling for short-lived, jokey fun at some point in their lives, but they aren't drawn to the activity with the drive and determination of a true fetishist. They can take it or leave it.

"Do you want me to stop?" I asked. We were both panting. My cock was rigid, and my balls were tight.

"Don't...you...dare," she insisted.

I grabbed Amy around the waist and pulled her back to the center of the bed.

"If you squirm away, I can't tickle you," I told her. She knew this, but she couldn't help herself.

Suffice it to say that Amy and I fall

into the second category. And we fall hard. My lover adores being tickled with anything and everything from feathers to silk scarves, to my naked fingertips. Wherever we go, I keep an eye out for unusual items to incorporate in our bedroom play.

Because tickling is a main part of our sex life, I knew the routine well. I would advance and Amy would retreat. She was so cute, acting as if she wanted me to stop when I could smell her arousal and see with my own eyes the evidence all over her shiny, glossy shaved pussy lips. There was a wet spot on the sheet from where she'd been laying while I'd tickled the bottoms of her feet.

Amy was panting like a panther. Her eyes were gorgeously bright, so big and full of hunger. I tickled her again, as before, all over her body. I worked my way up and down, not stopping to let her breathe, no pausing for a break. Amy was wracked with giggles and bursts of deep guffaws. I watched as she twisted and torqued herself on the bed. I was definitely well on my way to thoroughly tickling her fancy.

When I had her begging and gasping for breath, I finally pressed pause.

"Do you want me to stop or ease up a bit?" I asked again, even though it felt

as if we'd hardly started.

"Don't you dare!" she barked, but she didn't make life easy for me. Every time I got close to her, she slid away. Satin sheets make lovemaking slippery on the best days. Adding tickling to the equation upped the squirm factor. I moved forward, and Amy retreated. Soon I had her pinned against the headboard again.

Truth be told, I always ask if I should stop, partly as a tease but also to give her a chance to catch her breath. Amy and I use a safeword to ensure the tickling never becomes too intense for her, while still allowing me to push through her less than serious begging for mercy.

Her eyes were wide, and a sheen of sweat moistened her brow as she quivered at the head of the bed.

I hadn't heard the magic safeword—which is "pink" as in "tickled pink"—so, I gripped her ankles and pulled her back toward me. She hid her face under a pillow.

"That's not going to save you," I said.

"It'll muffle me," she said, somewhat muffled already. I didn't argue with that. I let my fingers find her ribs once more. Amy bucked. I ran my fingers underneath her armpits and gently stroked her. She groaned and muttered something I

VARIATIONS

▾ TICKLING

couldn't understand through the down. Then I sucked on her nipples while tickling the undercurves of her breasts. The pillow went flying across the room as Amy arched herself into a bow.

This was getting a little ridiculous. The more I tickled her, the more she wriggled. I needed to take charge. Amy's expressive eyes met mine. Her cheeks were as pink as candy and her lips were parted as she panted and struggled to bring her breath back to a somewhat more even pace.

"What if you cuffed me in place?"

"Cuffed you?"

"Yeah," she nodded forcefully. "Then you could tickle me, but I wouldn't be able to get away."

"Is that what you want?"

She nodded with vigor, and then motioned to her nightstand. In the top drawer was a pair of leopard-print fuzzy handcuffs, with the price tags still attached!

Amy had clearly planned ahead for that evening's anniversary festivities. She was the one teasing me by slowly revealing her desires bit by bit.

I played along. I cuffed her wrists together over her head, attaching them to the headboard. She tested the bindings, and I watched the muscles in her body shift and tense as she seemed to prepare herself for the next stage of the night.

I had spied a feather in that drawer with the cuffs, so I knew what Amy really wanted. I told her to hold herself as still as possible. Then I used the feather to trace a line along her collarbone. She bit her lip, but didn't make a sound. Next, I used it on the sides of her ribs, the left, then the right. I traced the tip of the feather around her pale pink nipples. They were erect, and I wanted to suck on each one, but it wasn't the right time for that. This night the main focus was on tickling. Licking could come later on. I could see her cunt was growing wetter with every flick of the feather. I wanted to scoop up all of her luscious juicy

goodness with the tip of my tongue or plunge my cock into her sopping pussy.

Thoughts were racing through my head about all the ways I wanted to make her come. I couldn't decide exactly how to proceed. Amy was intensely responsive. Whenever I landed the feather, she flinched but then relaxed, as if she were forcing herself to take it. But taking it was clearly what she wanted to do badly.

Her cheeks took on the same pink as the roses in the vase by the bedside table. They had been an anniversary gift from me to her earlier in the day. When I'd chosen the flowers, it hadn't occurred to me that they might make their way into

"I CUFFED HER WRISTS OVER HER HEAD, ATTACHING THEM TO THE HEADBOARD."

the bedroom. But now seeing them gave me a new idea. I discarded the feather and grabbed a blossom. Languidly, I let the flower petals tantalize her slit.

I watched her suck in her breath and hold it. I waited, the rose hovering over her, until she exhaled.

"Breathe," I insisted.

Her shocking blue eyes were wide and desperate. They locked on mine.

"Breathe," I repeated. "Inhale. Exhale. As if this is a normal night. As if all we're doing is talking about our day." I hesitated. "Like, you're telling me about how it felt when the delivery person brought two dozen roses to your desk at work."

She let her breath come out in a rush.

I brought the rose a little closer. She stiffened. I coached her through the behavior I desired.

"So, how did it feel when you got the flowers?"

Her short breaths grew slightly longer. "I loved it, Eric," she said. "All the girls at the office were so jealous."

She was sounding more relaxed. That was good. I wanted her to be relaxed. Still, I could tell it wasn't an easy task for her to talk because she was so excited by what we were doing and how we were playing. Nevertheless, I refused to let her feel the teasing kiss of the petals until she was breathing deeply and evenly once more. As soon as she was able to talk without issue, explaining how all the women in her workplace rushed over to her desk to admire her bouquet, I resumed tickling her—and Amy lost it.

She flailed on the bed as much as the handcuffs allowed. I let the flower find the delicate skin of her underarms, then the sides of her ribs. She shook the bed frame. She was out of control, but still didn't feel the need to use her safeword.

Eventually, the flower gave up its petals all over her body and all over the bed. It was as if I'd scattered rose petal confetti on her in a tender gesture. I suppose tickling could be looked on romantically. After all, I was giving her the type of kinky romance she craved. But now the flower had died a second death for our love, exploding its petals in the last of its usefulness. My eyes scanned the room for other tools I could employ.

As I searched, I spoke to her. "I'm going to tickle you until you come," I told her, and I knew that even though she was still giggling she could hear me because the way she writhed. The aroma of sexual energy and the flower's perfume, so heady and erotic, tickled my nose. "I'm going to tickle you until you come like you never have. Then I'm going to fuck you..."

I decided to tickle her in a new way and a new place. I used the very tips of my fingers to tickle the sensitive spot



between her asshole and her pussy. Sometimes I like to lick her there. But this time, I rotated my fingertips in teasing circles, dancing in no man's land by not entering either orifice.

Amy made a keening sound under her breath. Her body was jolting like she was being zapped with electricity. She was on the verge of climaxing. I could tell. I gave in, unable to withhold any longer. I let my thumb flick over her anus and my pointer finger poked her clit.

It was as if I'd put a lit match to the wick of her erotic desires. She blossomed with pleasure, aglow and alight like I'd never seen before. Right before her climax hit, I saw a brand-new feather duster on the shelf next to my side of the bed. I couldn't believe I'd missed that! I reached over and grabbed it, and I kept rubbing her clit as her orgasm overtook her, using the feather duster on her nipples and ribs the whole time she was coming.

Finally, it was time to fuck. I put aside the feather duster and climbed on top of her. I rubbed my cockhead up and down her juicy slit, and she bucked just

as much as she had when I'd tickled her earlier.

Then I decided to tease her by tickling her naked body with the tip of my dick.

Amy stiffened at first, apparently totally unprepared for the way it felt to have my cock teasing the insides of her thighs and her clit. She was begging nonstop for me to stop playing around and finally fuck her. I held out as long as I humanly could. But when I was on the verge of shooting my load all over her mound, I moved into place between her spread legs.

I was prepared to enter her, but first I released her wrists because I wanted to feel her hands on me as I thrust inside her to the hilt. Our bodies connected in a perfect union. We are a team, my lady and I. She locked her cunt muscles around my hard rod, and I groaned like a grizzly and began to saw in and out of her soppy split.

Her eyelashes fluttered as I bottomed out inside her. Then she began to drag her nails down my back. The sensation drove me crazy. I'm not as into tickling as my girl is, but I do love that shivery

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feeling of her fingernails scraping my skin. Amy's long nails had my motor revving. I kept pounding her, and she kept egging me on.

Instead of coming inside her, I pulled out and flipped her over. We were on the same wavelength because she pointed to the lube on her bedside table. I nearly emptied half the bottle along her crack before I slammed my cock into her back hole and she brought her hand beneath herself to pluck her clit.

We were both close to coming. My cock was like the mast of a sailing ship. Her sighs were my seven seas. I bowed and plundered. She squeezed me like a sea monster. Soon, I was drowning in the waves of her orgasm, and she started crying out my name so loud I thought our neighbor, whose name is also Eric, might come over to see what was going on.

Maybe someday.

If that would tickle her fancy. ☺



PLEASING THE BOSS

When William becomes Billie, his wife's femme servant, his world gets turned upside down—and all his dreams come true.

By William Merrill

I smiled, enjoying the sound of my heels echoing off the walls as I walked across the terrazzo floor of the post office. I noticed a man weighing a package steal a glance my way as I clattered by. There was a look of disappointment on his face, and I knew that he had been expecting to see a pair of sexy legs balanced on stiletto fuck-me pumps. Instead, he saw a 50-ish man with steel heel plates on his shoes.

Aw, shucks. No fantasy fulfillment for him, but there was plenty going on for me. You see, the heel plates on my shoes and all the other adaptations I've made to my wardrobe are at the orders of Mistress Samantha, who also happens to be my wife. The clicking is a constant reminder of my total submission to my mistress. If the man had been really observant, he would have noticed I was wearing women's loafers, with slightly elevated heels. My trousers hid the silky black thigh-highs covering my legs, and he couldn't see that I was wearing nylon panties or that my toenails were painted bright red. All of these details are a result of orders that Mistress Samantha has given me.

The articles and letters in *Penthouse Variations* had always turned me on, and as I grew older my cross-dressing fantasies became more intense. I'd always been afraid to let Samantha know I wanted to try living out my fantasies with her, although I never hid the fact that the erotic subject fascinated me. Then one day the perfect opportunity finally arose.

Shortly after the new year, I was told by my company that they were downsizing. I could either take a severance package or keep my job, which they were relocating across the country. Getting that news was like being punched in the gut. I had been with them for a number of years and had

even let them relocate me once before. When I got home that night and told Samantha, she was even angrier at the company than I was.

"Fuck 'em," she said. "We're not moving. Make me a drink, and we'll talk about this. Those bastards!"

Strangely, I found myself sexually excited as I mixed martinis for both of us. Samantha's take-charge attitude was turning me on. Sitting in a large leather

**"SHE TEASED ME
FOR A WHILE,
THEN EASED
THE PANTIES
DOWN, FREEING
MY COCK."**

chair, she took the drink without thanking me as she stared out into our peaceful backyard. I could tell she was thinking about the situation. Finally, she spoke.

"Moving is definitely out of the question. I'm not leaving my job behind." Samantha is a successful real estate agent, and I agreed that she shouldn't have to give up her thriving business. We discussed our other options.

"How much severance are you getting?" she asked. I explained that I would get two weeks' pay for every year worked, plus another five weeks for vacation. I was sitting on the ottoman in front of Samantha's chair, and as she nodded, she put her feet up in my lap.

I took off her black leather pumps and massaged her stockinged feet.

Just touching my wife's nylons made me feel more grounded and safe—and affectionate. Leaning over, I kissed her toes through her stockings, inhaling the sexy aroma of leather lingering from her shoes. I continued to rub her feet and calves as Samantha found my swollen penis with one of her silky feet. The nylon glided over my wool trousers, kneading my erection to fullness.

"Light a fire, draw the drapes and take off your clothes," she suddenly commanded. In my mind I wanted to reply, "Yes, Mistress," but instead I followed her directions in silence as she slipped out of her clothes.

She hadn't adopted that title yet, though I longed to address her as such.

Samantha lay down in front of the fireplace, and I knelt down next to her. My left hand caressed her breasts as my right slid to her moist slit, working her clit. I lay down, our lips touching as our mouths opened. Her tongue pushed mine back into my mouth as she kissed me hard, the flames in the fireplace adding to the heat generated by our bodies. She cupped my balls in her hand, then her fingers glided over my penis. I positioned myself between her legs and guided my swollen cock into her. She sucked hard on my tongue as I slowly moved my dick in and out of her moist pussy. Wrapping her legs around me, she tightened and released them, setting the rhythm. I held back my orgasm as long as I could, but it wasn't long before I was shooting my load into her, groaning with release. Spent, I slid to the side and put my hand back on Samantha's slippery pussy to bring her to orgasm, like I often do.

After a few minutes, Samantha moved

my hand away and got up, pushing me onto my back and easing her juicy cunt over my face. As she ground her pussy into my face, my tongue found her clit. Samantha had never taken this position before, and it excited me tremendously. I licked, sucked and nibbled with abandon, swallowing her flowing juices, mixed with my own cream. I felt her leg muscles tense as she let out a cry of pleasure then collapsed beside me. Content, we lay quietly together, gently caressing each other for a good, long while.

"That was wonderful," I said as I got our drinks. Then I decided to take a chance. "I got really turned on by your stockings and how aggressive you were."

Samantha just smiled and kissed me as I sat back down beside her in front of the fire.

Finally, she spoke. "I've got some ideas about our situation," she said, somewhat mysteriously. "Do you want to hear them?" I nodded, happily. She explained that she wanted me to become her assistant in her real estate business. I would handle all the administrative details at home while she worked with the clients. "So you'd be my boss?" I asked, instantly intrigued.

"Yes," she replied. "But not just at work."

A sexy thrill shot through my body that was hard to explain. It was a combination of having a secret found out and a weight I had been carrying lifted. I felt both nervousness and relief as I urged her to explain.

"Now, look. I know you've been skirting around cross-dressing for a long time, right? I see what pages of *Variations* get dog-eared. You know this crossroads in your life could really be a wonderful opportunity for us to work out a lifestyle that makes sense to both of us and is particularly fulfilling for you. Wouldn't that be nice?"

My head was spinning. "Well, yes," I answered, grinning.

"You meant to say, 'Yes, Mistress.' Right?"

"Yes, Mistress," I replied, a feeling of



VARIATIONS

▷ TRANSVESTISM



**“THERE WAS A
LOUD CRACK AS
THE FIRST BLOW
STRUCK, AND
MY ASS WAS
ON FIRE.”**

Samantha stroked my rigid cock through the silky fabric. She teased me for a while, running one fingertip over the dripping head, then eased the panties down, freeing my cock and balls. Reaching for the lotion she keeps on her dressing table, she squeezed some on my cock. I shivered as the cool cream hit my skin, then relaxed as she grasped me firmly, rubbing the lotion over my shaft. With her other hand, she cupped my balls, and as she pumped my slippery prick, all I could think about was the feeling of the tight elastic waistband wrapped around my thighs. The realization that my fantasy of having sex with my wife while wearing her underwear was finally about to come true sent me over the edge. I came harder than I'd ever come before, covering Samantha's hands and chest with my sticky semen.

After I had caught my breath, Samantha ordered me to clean up the mess that I'd made. I eagerly obeyed, wiping her off with a moist washcloth as she commented, “Well, well, there's a fine start for us. But now it's time for you to make us supper. Would you like to do that while wearing my panties?”

“Yes, ma'am. This is all too wonderful,” I replied softly.

“One more thing. Anytime you want to stop being my cross-dressed assistant, just let me know. We can always take a break from this, even temporarily.

excitement washing over me.

“That's better. From now on, I'd like to be addressed as Mistress Samantha. You know, I can see from those magazines of yours that not all transvestites are dressed up in ruffled maid's uniforms. We can create our own world of fantasy clothes for you that makes sense for us and keeps you hard and ready to service me. Now wouldn't you like that?”

“Yes, ma'am.”

“You know, you look so pretty when you talk like that. So you see, I think we can figure out a way for you to live out your cross-dressing fantasies, and at the same time, I can get relief from housework to get more of my business work done. That's what I've been mulling over. Freshen our drinks and get some cheese and crackers, and I'll explain further.”

“Yes, ma'am,” I responded, still feeling kind of light-headed.

I had gone from family breadwinner to Mistress Samantha's personal assistant with sexy wardrobe possibilities in only a few short hours.

Mistress Samantha already had detailed plans for me.

“From now on, you will do all the cooking, laundry, marketing and cleaning. Our roles will totally reverse—well, not totally. You will still do the

yardwork and repairs as you have in the past,” she said with a smile. “You can start tomorrow as my assistant or, I should say, secretary. One other thing: I also get to decide how you dress. Does that fit with your fantasies?”

“Oh, yes, ma'am, it does,” I replied.

“Yes, we'll have fun with this!” Mistress exclaimed. “Why don't we get started by seeing how you look in my panties.”

We went to our bedroom, and I had an erection even before I had the black nylon lace-trimmed panties pulled up past my knees.

“Yes, I was right. This is the real you,” Mistress stated as she felt my erection through the silky fabric, making me even more excited. The snug-fitting panties strained against my cock as it grew larger under her touch. I could see the damp spot where my pre-come had seeped through the delicate material. I was aching to come and, in the spirit of our former lovemaking, told her so. Abruptly, Samantha stopped.

“If we're going to do this, you must remember the rules,” she admonished me. “I get to call all the shots. This time, however, I'll let it slide. Just don't do it again.”

“Yes, Mistress,” I hung my head and waited for her next move. Once again,



Otherwise, be prepared to do as I say."

In the next few days, my life completely changed. Not only did I embark on my new job responsibilities assisting Samantha in every way, but she also gave me a new name. I was to be called Billie when I was serving her, dressed up. It was all very neat and very discreet. At the same time, Samantha took every opportunity to open me up to new vistas of female dressing. Sometimes I even thought that feminine clothes for me were becoming as much her fantasy as mine.

One of the first things she did was have me replace all of my underwear, socks and pajamas with nylon panties, thigh-high stockings and satin nighties. When I went to buy these, the checkout woman said that she wished her husband bought her such pretty things. I could feel my face flush as I muttered something about it being my wife's birthday. Though deep down, I think she realized they were for me.

Samantha then noticed that my shoes fit loosely when I was wearing the thin stockings, so she took me to a warehouse shoe outlet and bought me several pairs of women's shoes. Black patent Mary Janes are for my housemaid tasks at home.

Brown leather loafers with a decorative metal ornament across the vamp and black leather lace-up oxfords with a slight heel are for street wear, such as when I go grocery shopping. Except for the Mary Janes, all could be mistaken for men's shoes, but of course I know that they are not and am always very conscious of that. To further heighten my awareness of my position in relation to Mistress Samantha, she had metal heel plates put on my shoes so that their tapping will be a constant reminder to me of my sexual purpose in life. Finally, she presented me with a bottle of bright red nail polish with orders to keep my toenails painted at all times.

So each day when I go to the post office to pick up our business mail, I clatter across the floor. Mistress has also found another use for the post office box. Often when I pick up the mail, I find that she has ordered a surprise for us. One time it was a large-size satin bustier. Last week, it was a harness with a butt plug and a cockring, which she required me to wear while I cut the grass. Needless to say, I love how Samantha has taken to dominating me, and our sex couldn't be better.

The other night she gave me the greatest surprise and thrill so far. After I had cleaned up the kitchen, she came in and found that the floor had some spills dried on it. Further, she said that she had inspected the house and that my cleaning wasn't meeting her standards. Obviously, I needed to be punished. But before she could even think about that, she said, she needed for me to do something else. She ordered me to go to the pharmacy and buy a couple bottles of hair removal cream. By the time I returned home I was trembling with excitement.

As soon as I opened the door, Mistress ordered, "Go up to the bathroom, strip and take that into the shower and apply it over your entire body, except for your head. I want your entire body silky-smooth."

"Yes, Mistress," I replied, my voice quivering with excitement. I spread the cream on and stood in the shower stall with a raging erection, waiting for it to do its work.

"If there's still some hair left when you rinse it off, then repeat the process or shave it," Mistress yelled from the bedroom. "There's a bottle of perfume

VARIATIONS

▾ TRANSVESTISM

on my vanity. Use it when you have all the hair off."

The hair magically came off my body in clumps. When I stepped from the shower, I was hairless except for a few stray wisps that I removed with shaving cream and a razor. I slid my hands down my legs, marveling at how soft and smooth they were.

On the counter I found a brand-new pair of pink high-cut nylon thong panties trimmed in white lace that Mistress had left for me. I blow-dried my hair and then

**"HER LEGS HELD
MY FACE
AGAINST HER
PUSSY UNTIL SHE
CAME DOWN
FROM HER HIGH."**

sprayed the sweet, stinging cologne all over my body before sliding on the panties. She'd also left me a short apron. With both of these on, my ass felt particularly naked and vulnerable.

"Oh, one more thing, Billie. Freshen the polish on your toenails before you come into the bedroom. I'll let you know when I'm ready for you."

"Yes, Mistress," I replied. My hands shook as I carefully applied the scarlet polish to my toenails. Mistress let me sit in the bathroom for at least 30 minutes while it dried, and I was going crazy with anticipation. When she finally beckoned to me, I was not disappointed.

Our bedroom was illuminated by a dozen candles of all shapes and sizes. Mistress was sitting at her vanity in her satin bathrobe, which had fallen open to reveal her majestic nudity underneath. She still had her heels on, though, and was impatiently tapping her foot on the floor. In her right hand was a black riding crop about two feet long which she held across her body, with the tip resting against her left palm.

"It's time for your first punishment

session. I know you've been looking forward to this as much as I have. You do know what you've done to displease me, don't you?"

"I think so, ma'am," I replied. "My housekeeping has not been satisfactory."

"That's correct. You are a marvelous secretary, but you need to pay more attention to your cleaning. Now come over here so I may examine you."

I walked over to Mistress with my eyes submissively downcast, marveling at how wonderful she looked. She had evidently trimmed her pussy, a task I had been hoping she would eventually assign to me. She used the crop to poke at my erection, which was swelling in my pink panties, and a chill ran through my body. She tapped the crop against my thigh, demanding I spread my legs so she could continue her inspection. My panties were pulled down so she could examine my hairless cock and balls, then she picked up a black leather collar from the bed and fastened it around my neck.

"You will wear this whenever I command it. I will simply say 'collar' and you will go and put it on."

She took a step back for a final look at me.

"Very good. You'll remain hairless from now on. Now bend over and put your hands on the bed."

"Yes, Mistress." I did what I was told, with my panties still banded around my thighs.

"I think two strokes to each ass cheek will suffice for your offense. Are you ready?"

"Yes, ma'am."

There was a loud crack as the first blow struck, and my ass was instantly on fire. The rest of the blows were delivered in short order.

"Now, stand up and touch your naughty ass!" Mistress ordered. I could feel the heat rising from my flesh, and I found it exciting that she had marked me. It must have excited her as well, for she then commanded me to lick her pussy.



I eagerly buried my face between her legs and lapped up her musk, turned on as never before. She wrapped her legs around me and drew me into her, her hands gliding over my smooth arms as my hands played with her hard nipples. She made new marks on my ass with her stiletto heels, adding to those left by the riding crop.

While I was licking, she kept taunting me with comments such as, "Oh, Billie, I know you can do better than that."

I wanted desperately to please her, to give her pleasure for all the pleasure she had given me, so I increased my efforts on her pussy. Running my tongue over her hard clitoris, I heard her gasp as I connected with that sensitive nub. Her body began to shake as she gripped my shoulders tightly, balancing herself on the edge of the bed. Sensing her impending orgasm, I slid my tongue down to her tight hole, lapping up the sweet nectar that had been welling there. When she cried out for more, I returned my attention to her clit, furiously flicking my tongue over it until she could hold back no longer. When she came, it was with almost a shriek, and she drove her heels into my thighs. Her legs held my face against her pussy until she came down from her high.

When she released me, I remained on my knees until I was given permission to stand before her in my dainty apron and pre-come soaked panties, the collar still around my neck. She positioned herself against the mound of pillows on the bed and commanded, "Get me a glass of chardonnay, and don't you dare touch your penis while you're out of this room."

When I returned, she had me stand before her for about five minutes as she sipped her wine before finally saying, "Carefully untie your apron. It would amuse me to watch you masturbate in your panties. Would you like that?"

"Oh yes, Mistress. Thank you," I replied, thinking that I was the luckiest man in the world. ☪



STARRING ROLE

Joanie had her lips wrapped around Richard's dick. It was a magnificent sight. I was sitting only a few feet away from my lovely bride, and I could hear every slurp and lick as she gobbled my buddy's meat. Decidedly better was the fact that I could witness every subtle motion my wife made as she swallowed that beautiful cock.

Nothing turns me on like watching my sweetheart performing. I get a bone-deep thrill from seeing her sucking someone else's dick with the same enthusiasm she shows when working mine. Joanie's arousal comes from showing off. It's wonderfully symbiotic, and the whole thing is so fucking hot.

That night I was spellbound. Joanie's long, reddish-brown hair was up in a sloppy twist so I could see her cheeks as they caved in while she sucked Richard's hard-on. I wasn't paying much attention to the rest of him. I know what my racquetball partner looks like. He's in shape—a handsome specimen, all six-

foot-six of him. But what I was interested in that evening was one specific part of his anatomy and the way it looked as it emerged so sleek and shiny from my wife's mouth.

I could guess where his dick was going to end up, but I didn't want to get ahead of myself. "Be in the moment," Joanie likes to tell me because I am often teased for being impatient. "Live in the now," she always insists. To give her credit, the now was pretty damn spectacular. To be honest, I didn't think anyone else's now could hold a candle to ours because Joanie was backing up and licking her lips, literally in anticipation of Richard shooting his wad. Then she pounced on him again, recapturing the head of his cock between her lips and sucking hard once more. I could almost feel her mouth on my own dick. That's how good that blowjob looked.

"Christ," Richard murmured. "Joanie, you're such a good cocksucker."

Joanie was practically a blur as her head bobbed frantically. Her hair tumbled free, falling in loops and swirls

around her pretty face. Richard stroked the back of her head as she swallowed his whole shaft. I moved a little closer to them on the mattress. Every muscle in my buddy's body seemed tense.

"Are you ready?" he asked my wife.

I like to think that was a rhetorical question. There was no way for my wife to respond at that moment with her mouth jammed full. Unless he was looking for a guttural assent, which is exactly what he got. Joanie widened her eyes at him and nodded like a madwoman, making a gurgling sort of noise. I watched him give a final thrust down her throat. I couldn't see the actual release, obviously. But I imagined it, thinking about all of that pearly white come shooting down her throat while my wife worked hard to swallow every drop. When Richard finished groaning and shaking, Joanie pulled back from him with a lazy smile. She was grinning like the cat that had lapped up all the cream. Fitting, don't you think?

Richard moved aside, his softening dick shiny with my wife's spit. He was looking at me as if expecting me to say something. I didn't have any words to add. No reviews from me, at least not verbally.

I let the hardness of my cock show them how impressed I was with their performance.

Naked and sated for the moment, Richard kicked back in a nearby easy chair. I leaned over my wife and slipped the first inch of my cock inside her tight snatch. She moaned and tossed her head back. The action made her arch her body in a breathtaking way. All those yoga classes had definitely paid off. She was flexible and bendy in a way that made my dick pulse. I plunged forward into her hot wetness and then pulled back. Eager for more cock, she wrapped her lean legs around my body and anchored me to her, as if to say, "You're not going anywhere." Then she tightened her pussy around me, squeezing me



“I JACKED MY COCK, SHOOTING MY SPUNK ACROSS HER STOMACH AND TITS.”

with her cunt, her internal muscles growing so snug they felt like a velvet vise. With great glorious effort, I thrust my dick in and out of her restricted passage, loving how she felt wrapped around me.

Richard let out a helpless groan, and I glanced at him. His dick was hard again, and he was almost absentmindedly stroking himself as he watched us fuck. Joanie moaned and drew my attention back to her. When I stared at her face, I realized she was locking eyes with Richard. A shiver of raw animal passion ran through me.

I always get super turned on from watching and being watched. But knowing my wife was into it, too, increased the heat for me.

I felt Joanie climax on my dick, felt that telltale pulsing of her spasming cunt. She went wild as pleasure flared through her. Her flailing limbs knocked the blanket and pillows onto the floor as she thrashed. When her pleasure subsided, I pulled out and jacked my cock with my fist, shooting my spunk across her stomach and tits.

Of course, there is only so much “now” one can appreciate. I was already thinking ahead. The following weekend, I knew Richard would be watching Joanie suck me off first. Then he’d have the honor of fucking her pussy while I watched them in action. We like to take



turns, switch things up. In that way, we’re the best sort of threesome.

Sometimes Joanie and I play with strangers, but Richard is our go-to for a guaranteed good time.

—W.M., Chattanooga, Tennessee

COMING CLEAN

Sometimes you find lust when you least expect it. Like on garage-cleaning day. I didn’t see things from that perspective when I woke up and my husband reminded me of what he’d planned for our afternoon.

Let me be totally honest here. I was not in a positive mental place as I put on my faded jeans and rattiest T-shirt. The thought of our garage, overflowing with junk, was enough to make me want to hide under the blankets for days.

But Rob had decided we were going

to tackle the terror. The idea was to get rid of anything and everything we were no longer using. We’d bring items to the thrift store or even have a yard sale. Rob assured me it would be fun.

I questioned his idea of a good time.

“Seriously,” I said unable to keep negativity from coloring my voice. “Define fun.”

“You never know what you’ll find,” he responded, sounding way too chipper.

Organizing and categorizing was exactly the type of thing that turned him on. I could see the glee in his attitude, even from the rear—that taut, handsome rear of his.

Lost beneath my own gloomy cloud, I was a little slow to realize what he’d done as we entered the garage. It took Rob clearing his throat twice for me to actually look around the place and register the transformation. Not only had he already cleaned and organized, he’d rebuilt the old wrought-iron bed frame we’d inherited with the house and set

VARIATIONS

WIDE WORLD OF VARIATIONS

“HE LICKED MY HONEYPOT UNTIL I WAS ON THE VERGE OF A SHATTERING ORGASM.”

it up with a mattress and fresh sheets. There were fairy lights strung around the ceiling beams, creating a magical glow.

He'd used all sorts of odds and ends we'd stored in the garage to create a kooky sex room. Paper lanterns hung from the ceiling. A pink plastic flamingo bought for our last backyard luau stood nearby with a makeshift tennis ball gag taped to its beak. I was speechless at first, staring in wide-eyed wonder. Then I approached the bed and my eyes really bugged out.

Attached to the head- and footboards were bungee cords and scarves.

“You said this was going to be the most boring weekend of your life,” he said, and I nodded. “So I thought I'd surprise you and spice things up a bit.”

The bungee cords were attached to the bedframe for my ankles. I fingered one of the antique scarves he'd tied to the headboard. Excitement flared inside me as I thought about them wrapped around my wrists.

He motioned toward the bed with his chin, and I scampered on top of the mattress.

In seconds, my wrists were trussed up and Rob was kissing me. I was still fully dressed. I hadn't even bothered to strip in my haste. Rob didn't seem bothered by that fact. First, he kissed my lips, then my neck. Then he began to work his way down my body, sucking my braless nipples through my threadbare T-shirt until I was arching and begging.

“Do you really care about this old,



grungy shirt?” he asked casually.

I looked down. I'd chosen the ancient tee because I didn't mind if it got wrecked while we wrestled with filth. He seemed pleased to learn I wasn't at all attached to it. He landed a slow, passionate kiss on my lips that I felt deep inside my core. Then he gripped the hem off the shirt in both hands, shredding it all the way up to the neckline. The worn fabric gave up the ghost instantly in Rob strong hands. I was half-revealed, an oyster in a shell, with only mules on my feet and jeans on my lower half.

Gently, he removed my shoes. Then he considered my jeans and eyed a pair of shears within reach.

“No!” I howled.

The shirt I hadn't cared a lick about. The jeans might have been old, but they were loved. Besides, my ankles weren't tied up. There was no need to be so dramatic!

He winked at me and asked, “What will you give me for the jeans?”

I had no idea what he wanted.

But his desire was revealed quickly enough. He wanted my mouth.

I parted my lips in instant obedience. He straddled my head and dropped his dick into my mouth. The garage seemed scented by the fragrance of the jasmine

from outside mixed with the aroma of sex.

He wanted more than my lips around his cock, though. He wanted me to tongue his balls. I was good with that. He pulled his shaft from my lips and teabagged me while I gave him the best tongue-bath ever. I even sucked his sac into my mouth. When he rocked forward slightly, he pulled himself from my lips with a satisfying pop. Ravenous for him, I even tongued the space between his asshole and his nuts. He made a humming sound under his breath. I would have fingered his backdoor if my hands had been free. But he decided I didn't need hands. He turned himself around and parted his cheeks before descending on my face once more. Instead of tickling his hole with my fingertip, I used my tongue.

His humming became a groan, then a moan. Then he became unhinged. He yanked my jeans down before binding my ankles so my body made an “X” on the bed. I was delighted when he repaid the favor by pleasuring me with his tongue. He licked my honeypot until I was on the very verge of a shattering orgasm. Then he stuck a finger in my pussy and his thumb in my ass. I was totally plugged and deliriously crying out his name. It felt so damn good.

He rocked his two digits in and out of my clutching holes until a fierce orgasm broke over me. I was breathless and shaking, but Rob wasn't done with me yet. He mounted me missionary-style. Then I felt his cockhead parting my slicked-up pussy lips. He slammed into me so hard the bed shook. But then he pulled out of me slowly before aggressively thrusting in again. I was decimated by the power, left weak by the beautiful friction. He found a pace that worked for both of us, a rapid, heart-racing pace that made me feel as if he was fucking right through me to hit the mattress.

"Oh, yes, Rob!" I cried out as he used a hand to pinch my nipples, to tug and pull. "Oh, yes, Rob!" I repeated as he then brought that hand between us to rub my clit.

But he soon abandoned all of those teasing games. He was chasing his own climax and had totally lost his patience. The rapid beat of his cock working me to the hilt sent me to a higher plane. Bound as I was to the bed, I had no choice but to lay there and let his dick pummel me. Not that I was complaining. It was everything I wanted and more, being helpless as he fucked me into oblivion.

I didn't exactly see stars, but the colors of the lights twinkling overhead definitely blurred in my vision. He pounded me at a feverish pace, fucking me forcefully as our pleasure spiraled higher. He managed to beautifully and blissfully keep me teetering on the edge for a maddeningly long time before my second orgasm exploded like a firecracker. My climax was so ferocious it nearly frightened me. My body thrashed so intensely I shook the bed with my motions. Sure, I was bound to the bedframe, but that didn't stop me from undulating wildly, as much as my bonds would allow.

Rob groaned like an animal and came a few seconds after I did, jamming his dick deep into my cunt. He pressed his

body to mine so closely you couldn't have wiggled a sheet of paper between us, and then he filled me up with his cream. I felt renewed by his essence, refueled by the jets of his jizz.

He had transformed me into a true believer. I'd never balk at cleaning again. Actually, that's a joke! But if "cleaning" meant "coming," then I'd be down for the deed—as many times as he wanted to do it.

—M.R., Salem, Oregon

SEX PARTNERS

Evan and I have an agreement: Whenever we're in the same city, we meet up for some mind-blowing sex. And when we're not, which is most of the time, we sext each other. Dirty texts, naked photos, explicit videos—we share them from all over the country to help each other get off.

He and I met through mutual friends

and started flirting instantly, then ended up going on a few dates when he came to my town on business. But he lives a couple hundred miles away and neither of us is interested in a serious relationship. Since the sex is mind-blowing (did I mention that already?) and we have incredible chemistry, we've agreed to keep things casual and continue to enjoy sexting while we're apart. Our in-person hookups are few and far between, but our tech-based flirtations are super-hot and a lot more frequent.

We're both busy professionals, so we usually go a few weeks between sext sessions. However, sometimes I get desperate between our "dates" and can't wait for our schedules to align again. When we can't virtually hookup, I go back over our old text exchanges and use them as my own personal erotica novel—my private porn stash. And reliving those experiences never fails to get me off.

Evan has a way with words, and when he sends a dirty text, it's not only sexual,



VARIATIONS

WIDE WORLD OF VARIATIONS



it's arousing. But even more arousing are the short videos he sends me. He films himself jerking off, and when I watch his videos, I stare at his hand as he strokes his cock. I listen closely to his breathing as he pants and grunts. It shouldn't be so hot; if anyone else were sending me those videos, I wouldn't be turned on. But Evan, somehow, flicks my switch.

The other day, I texted Evan to tell him I thought we needed a "video date night" again soon, but he told me he'd be out of town and staying with friends for a bit, so he wouldn't be able to get the kind of privacy our video calls require. I thought I could get through the few days until he got home without incident, but no matter how much I tried to quell my arousal, nothing worked. I needed the kind of release only Evan could give me.

I took out my favorite vibrator—a toy designed for G-spot stimulation but that I always just press against my clit—and cued up my favorite conversation with Evan. As I read the text, I felt like I was right back in the moment again, seeing his words for the first time. I felt my face flush as I read a line he'd written about how he couldn't wait to watch my pussy sink down onto his dick, and my cheeks burned when I read my response, telling him that "I can't wait to feel your cock

filling me all the way up."

My vibrator was turned on to its lowest setting, but when I reached the part of the conversation where Evan discussed wanting to lick my clit, I turned the knob up a few notches until I could hear the toy's motor buzzing even over my very loud moans.

I slowly read Evan's texts that waxed poetic about my pussy. He told me how much he wanted to bury his face between my legs and feel my silky-smooth thighs pressing against his cheeks. Even though this exchange wasn't new to me, that fact didn't affect the way my body reacted, and I felt a rush of heat course through my body as my pussy flooded. I can't watch porn movies more than once or read a dirty book a second time, but Evan's sexts always work—every time.

I kept scrolling through the conversation, and the more I read, the more aroused I became. There was Evan's line about wanting to feel me taking his cock as he cupped my ass in his hands, and there was another about how he wanted to fuck me roughly from behind so he could grope my big tits while he screwed me.

Even my responses stoked my passion. I reread my comments about

wanting to deep-throat his cock and have him fuck my mouth, and my own words made my pussy ache. And my texts about wanting him to pull my hair, to fist his hands in my long blonde locks, and tug on it until I started moaning, got me positively worked up.

Finally, I re-watched the first video from that particular exchange. It was a short clip of him coming in his shorts because he was so turned on by our conversation that he couldn't undress fast enough. Watching that got me even more hot and bothered; I cranked up my vibe to a higher setting, craving more stimulation.

There were a few more lines from each of us before the second video, and I pressed the vibrator hard against my clit as I opened the next clip. I knew what happened in the video already—I'd watched it plenty of times before—but I still felt a wave of ecstasy as the action started.

Evan's unflagging cock came into view, and his hand was wrapped around his shaft. He started stroking himself up and down, slowly at first, then super-fast, and then slowly again. He alternated his pace for about 40 seconds, and as the video played, the vibrator worked its magic on my clit.

I started writhing in my bed, my hips bucking and my ass wiggling. I wanted to touch myself with my other hand, to thrust a finger inside my pussy or pull on a nipple, but I couldn't if I wanted to keep the phone in front of my face. I didn't really need the visual assistance anymore—I was only moments away from an explosive climax—but I didn't want to stop watching. So I held the phone in front of my eyes as Evan jerked off for my pleasure.

It was only a few more seconds, no more than 10, before he came. His hand stopped pumping, and I watched as a jet of come shot out of his cock, flew several inches up in the air, and then splashed down onto his stomach. He

**“I COULD HEAR
THE TOY’S
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LOUD MOANS.”**

resumed jerking himself after that first volley, and he teased out three more spurts of semen. As the screen faded to black, I turned my vibrator to full speed.

I came a few seconds after my phone’s autolock kicked in, and when I felt my orgasm rush through me, I immediately dropped my vibrator and lay there panting.

I was still lying in my bed when my phone, now discarded next to me, buzzed against my ribs. I was exhausted from my intense orgasm, but I lazily reached over to pick it up and see who’d texted me. Evan’s name was splashed across the screen, and when I slid my finger to the right to unlock my phone, his text opened up: “Have a sudden night alone at my friend’s place if you still want to chat,” his message read.

He’d found time for our date night, after all. Almost automatically, I felt my arousal kick up again. I wasn’t going to turn Evan down. Like I said, I can never get enough of him.

–A.J., Washington, D.C.

Have you had an unforgettable encounter? Has your wildest fantasy come true or are you still planning out all the sexy details? We want to hear about it! Mail your kinky story to: *Penthouse Variations*, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.



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libido | noun | li-bi-do

1: A person's desire to have sex.

2: Instinctual psychic energy that in psychoanalytic theory is derived from primitive biological urges (as for sexual pleasure or self-preservation) and that is expressed in conscious activity.



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